

FIFTY CENTS



VOL. 89 NO. 21
(MAY 1970)



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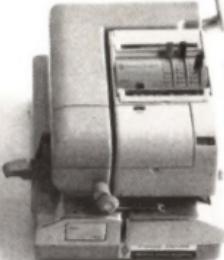


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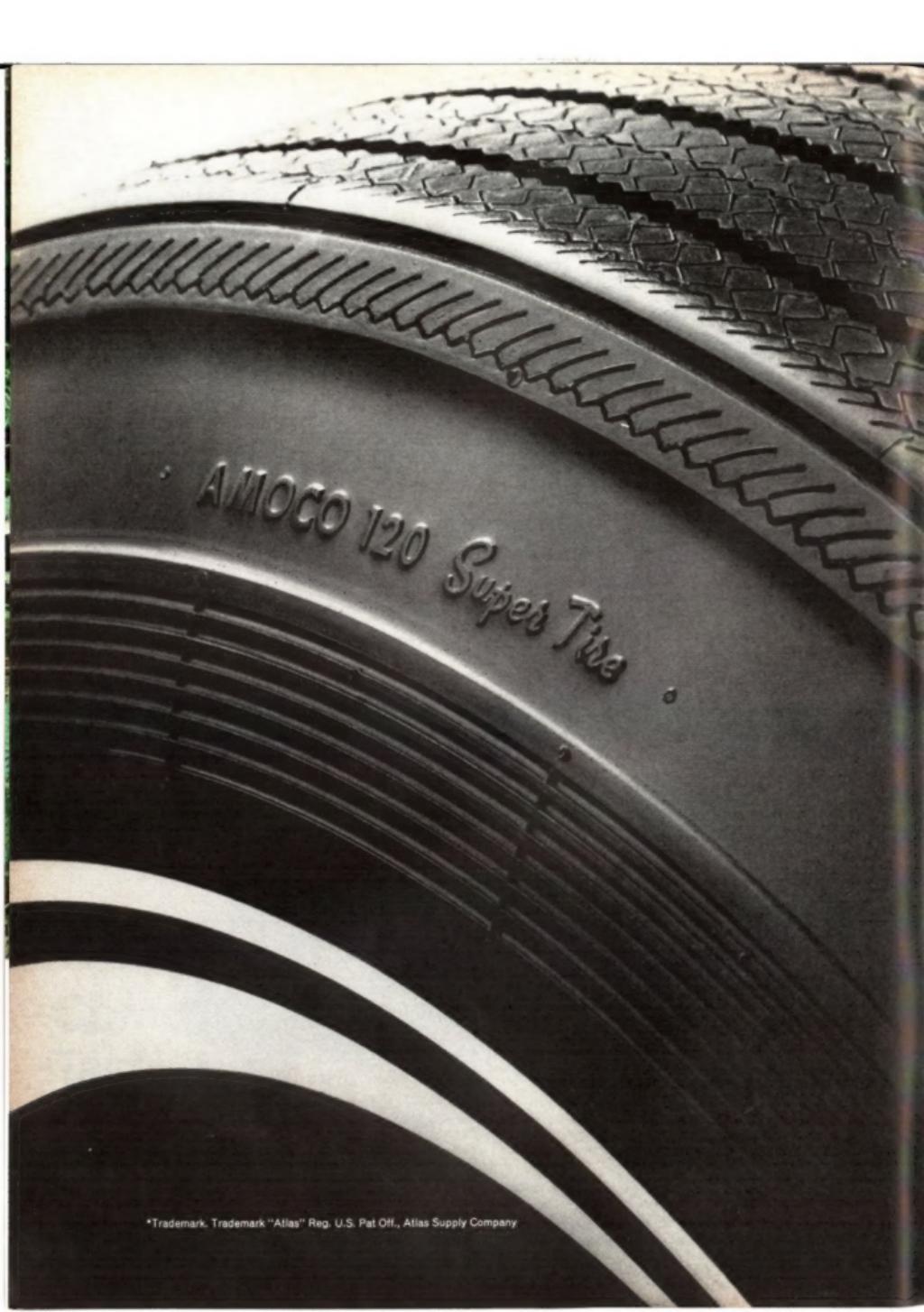
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 24

THE BEST ON RECORD (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.).¹ Such Grammy Award-winning performers as The New Vaudeville Band, Eddy Gorham, Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald and Ray Charles sing the songs that earned the recording industry's highest honors.

Thursday, May 25

TWIGGY IN HOLLYWOOD (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). The second of the specials on the fashion model with the A-frame and catchy name: poolside at the Bel Air Hotel, in Lana Turner's old studio dressing room, on the *Camelot* movie set.

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). "Dissent—or Treason?" examines the moral aspects of protest in the U.S., focusing on the current anti-Viet Nam war demonstrations. Excerpts from speeches by President Johnson and Secretary Rusk, comments from prominent hawks and doves, plus a review of protest in the U.S. by Historian Henry Steele Commager.

Friday, May 26

CORTEZ AND THE LEGEND (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). Kirk Douglas narrates the epic of Hernando Cortez's conquest of Mexico. Cameras retrace the route taken by Cortez and his band from Tabasco, where they landed in 1519, to Mexico City, site of Montezuma's Aztec capital, which they destroyed in 1521.

THE AMERICAN IMAGE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). How painters have seen the U.S. from colonial days to the present is recorded in 150 works from the recent Whitney Museum retrospective "Art of the United States—1670-1966." The show also includes previously filmed interviews with such contemporary artists as Andrew Wyeth, Edward Hopper, Jack Levine, Robert Rauschenberg and the late Stuart Davis.

Saturday, May 27

THE JACKIE GLEASON SHOW (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The Great One winds up his twelfth TV season with appropriate fanfare: an outdoor show before 12,000 people at Florida's Gulfstream Race Track, featuring Cornetist Bobby Hackett, Singer Dick Roman, Saxophonist Charlie Ventura, a high diver, a trapeze act, and an aerialist performing beneath a hovering helicopter.

Sunday, May 28

26TH ANNUAL B.P.A.A. ALL-STAR TOURNAMENT (CBS, 1:30-2:30 p.m.). The World Series of bowling, with the two best men and two best women competing for the Bowling Proprietors Association of America championship title in their respective divisions and a total of \$20,000 in prize money.

Monday, May 29

CORONET BLUE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A young man (Frank Converse), who becomes an amnesiac after being shot by assailants and tossed off an ocean liner, begins his search for his true identity in this new dramatic series. Premiere.

Tuesday, May 30

THE RED SKELTON HOUR (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Red is reunited with Ozzie and

• All times E.D.T.

Harriet Nelson, who were bandleader and singer on his first radio show in 1941.

IVANOV (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Sir John Gielgud, who with Author John Bowen has adapted Anton Chekhov's play for TV, also stars in the life-sick title role. Cast includes Claire Bloom, Roland Culver, Alan Baddeley and Yvonne Mitchell.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays), "Balllet Gala" features principal dancers from Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet, London's Royal Ballet, the Royal Danish Ballet and the Paris Opera Ballet performing excerpts from *Swan Lake*, *Don Quixote* and *Romeo and Juliet*.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays), "To Be a Man" chronicles student life at Yale, from the tables down at Mory's to a classroom lecture in evolution. Repeat.

THEATER

On Broadway

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING. Some people envision sex as a noble Venus. Others picture it as a mischievous Cupid. Some think it inspiring, others downright funny. In his four playlets, Robert Anderson uses it to tease, to tickle, and to tickle his audience, at times moving them to laughter, and at times to tears.

THE HOMECOMING is the winner of this year's New York Drama Critics' Circle Award and the Tony. Any resemblance between the characters in Harold Pinter's absorbing drama and the family next door is purely metaphysical.

BLACK COMEDY mixes a technique of Chinese theater with stage business from vaudeville. It is strictly a one-joke play—but the joke works. Peter Shaffer is the playwright, Michael Crawford and Geraldine Page the leading actors.

Off Broadway

TO CLOTHES THE NAKED. As a young government who dies because she cannot keep alive a fantasy, Kathleen Widdoes handles her role with delicate authority. Although lesser Pirandello, *Naked* still demonstrates the Italian's mastery in dealing with intellectual questions while infusing them with emotional content.

HAMP. Based on a novel by J. L. Hodson, John Wilson's play is a critical examination of a court-martial and its decision in favor of discipline rather than compassion. Robert Salvio is Private Hamp, a World War I infantryman condemned to death after his fears and instincts caused him to flee the bloodshed of the front.

RECORDS

Teen Hits

The current pop scene includes deafening electronic barrages, puerile love ditties and screaming imitations of oldtime rhythm and blues so explicitly sexual that they embarrass and worry many adult listeners. But the kids seem to be getting kicks out of such albums as these:

SOCK IT TO ME! (New Voice). The title song sounds the keynote to the frenzied demands of Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, the ear-splitting hot-rods of white-rhythm 'n' blues, also known as blue-eyed

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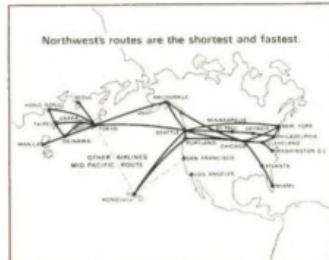


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soul. "Sock it to me, baby, gimme, gimme," screams Mitch, sounding pretty clear about what he wants. "I'd rather go to jail than to see you get away," he persists. The boys used to call themselves the Young Degenerates.

HAPPY TOGETHER (White, Whale). It's spring, and the voice of the Turtles is heard in our land. Their refrain: "I can't see me lovin' nobody but you for all my life." The chart-climbing group runs to ABC melodies, soft harmonies and unabashed sentiments. "It may be corny, but I hear wedding bells," admits the head Turtle.

SUPER PSYCHEDELICS (Liberty). The Ventures are still noisily giving their own way, having successfully sold two dozen albums of songs without words. Using a mix of guitars and drums, they now turn psychedelic with swooning cadences, spoozy buzzes and reverberating thuds, suitably orchestrating such turned-on titles as *Psyched Out and Endless Dream*.

ELECTRIC COMIC BOOK (Mercury). The fad for psychedelic music has mushroomed to enormous proportions and now even includes jokes on itself by goofy groups like the Blues Magos, who got in their first big licks with *Psychedelic Lollipop*. The five Magos like to think that their kaleidoscopic screens of sound resemble a traffic jam in Times Square; they should be so lyrical.

ERIC IS HERE (MGM). Time was when the Animals had growl and bite, a sound as earthy as the Rolling Stones'. But they have been tamed and harnessed to a carefully arranged orchestra, while Leader Eric Burdon sings a broad spectrum of the blues (*In the Night, I Think It's Gonna Rain Today*). Eric's voice is good and his solos most mellifluous, but the total effect is more glossy than real.

5 BY 5 (Epic). In the first wave of the British invasion came the nattily dressed Dave Clark Five, now elder statesmen of rock 'n' roll. They seem to have a steady following for their hoarsely shouted banal laments—but then they deal with eternal problems, e.g., I been away too long; you don't want my lovin'; how can I tell you it's over?

THE BEST OF THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL (Kama Sutra). Albums of golden oldies are giving way to collections of shiny newies. This is the instant anthology of the folk-rock group known as the Lovin' Spoonful: five songs from their *Day Dream* album, one from their *Humus* and six from *Do You Believe in Magic*, their first LP, which is not yet two years old. In any event, the new collection is already one of the top sellers, proving that one hit album deserves another, even if it consists of more or less the same songs.

CINEMA

MADE IN ITALY, Italian Director Nanni Loy (*Four Days of Naples*) has pieced together a mosaic of ironic episodes to portray modern Italy. Best of an interesting lot: the scene in which Anna Magnani tries to herd her family across a busy Italian boulevard.

TWO FOR THE ROAD, Audrey Hepburn is surprisingly good as a Virginia Woolf cub, but Albert Finney is curiously unsympathetic as her husband in a union that keeps going on strike.

CASINO ROYALE. Several fine performances (David Niven, Woody Allen, Deborah Kerr), five directors (including John Huston), \$12 million and the rights to one of Ian Fleming's best James Bond novels

have not prevented the movie from overspilling into incoherent vaudeville.

NAKED AMONG THE WOLVES. The East Germans have made a stark and powerful film about a small Jewish boy who is protected from the Nazis by his fellow inmates of Buchenwald.

ACCIDENT. Harold Pinter wrote the screenplay, and Joseph Losey directed this glacial dissection of human passion against the background of an Oxonian summer.

BOOKS

Best Reading

BATTLES IN THE MONSOON, by S.L.A. Marshall. A campaign chronicle (summer 1966) punctuated by booby traps, firefights and personal courage that gives deep meaning to the Viet Nam war.

BY-LINE: ERNEST HEMINGWAY, edited by William White. A trek through the major wars of the 20th century and other action journalism in the company of the man whose pen set the style for reporting and living them.

CLOWN ON FIRE, by Aaron Judah. Novelist Judah transplants a Polish Jewish family to India, where Mama worries about the Hadassah and whether her daughters will marry Buddhists. Her son turns out to be an Eastern cousin to Shinder's Holden Caulfield, and his dark days at the Horace College of Rifles in Peshawar rival Holden's at Pencey Prep any old day.

MAN CALLED LUCY, by Pierre Accoce and Pierre Quet. A spy history that concerns itself with the most unbelievable—and unbelievable—of World War II agents: Swiss-based Rudolph ("Lucy") Roessler, who told all to the Allies and found credence only in the Kremlin.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER: A HIGHLY SELECTIVE HISTORY OF THE THIRTIES, by Robert Bingham. A notably undressing recollection of the idiocies and ideologies that lent a special flavor to the Depression.

MAY WE BORROW YOUR HUSBAND? AND OTHER COMEDIES OF THE SEXUAL LIFE, by Graham Greene. In twelve unhammed, perfectly controlled short stories, Greene again sifts a favorite theme: sex. But this time it is autumnal sex, viewed from the vantage point of memory.

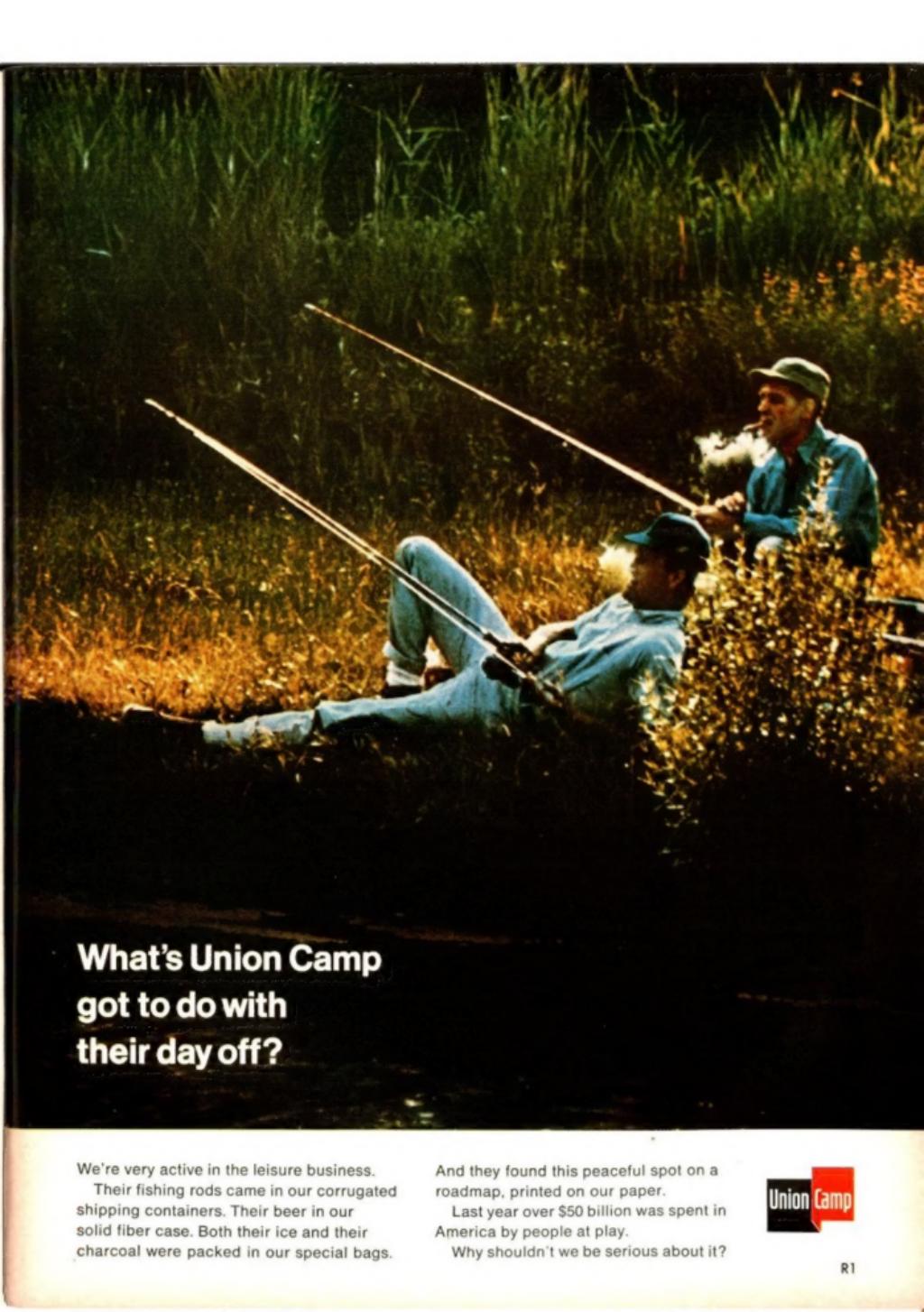
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **The Arrangement**, Kazan (1 last week)
2. **The Eighth Day**, Wilder (2)
3. **The Secret of Santa Vittoria**, Crichton (3)
4. **Tales of Manhattan**, Auchincloss (4)
5. **Fathers**, Gold (6)
6. **Capable of Honor**, Drury (5)
7. **Washington, D.C.**, Vidal
8. **Go to the Widow-Maker**, Jones (9)
9. **Valley of the Dolls**, Susann (8)
10. **The Captain**, De Hartog (7)

NONFICTION

1. **The Death of a President**, Manchester (1)
2. **The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell** (2)
3. **Madame Sarah**, Skinner (4)
4. **Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet**, Stearn (3)
5. **Everything But Money**, Levenson (5)
6. **Games People Play**, Berne (7)
7. **Disraeli**, Blake (9)
8. **Paper Lion**, Plimpton (6)
9. **Inside South America**, Gunther (10)
10. **The Jury Returns**, Nizer (8)



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LETTERS

Applause Meter

Sir: I am stunned! The cover story on Johnny Carson [May 19] was not up to Tim's "put-down" profile. It was quite objective. It is nice to know that Carson "packs a tight suitcase." It takes talent to come across so warmly on TV and still remain a private person who doesn't succumb to pleas to "tell all" about his life.

LINDA L. BYRIS

Houston

Sir: WHOOPPF! Your article on Johnny Carson was delightful, but long overdue. Carson has certainly become as authentic an article of Americana as baseball, the hot dog and the ten-gallon hat. His special contribution is that he has probably made more people laugh than anyone else in the history of mass media.

FRANK G. ROBINSON

Newark

Sir: Your story on Carson really touched me. Clear-eyed, unafraid, the typical American boy, he has marched successfully through life to achieve an income of \$1,000,000 a year at 41. Along the way, however, he disposed of his wife, his producer, his manager. It really makes one stop and think, doesn't it?

LEONARD MARIN

Homewood, Ill.

Left & Right, Right & Wrong

Sir: Thanks for another concisely worded Essay—"The Right to Dissent & the Duty to Answer" [May 12]. By placing in historical perspective the issue of dissent on Viet Nam policy, the Essay generates light for both dissenters and defenders. For the left it inspires determination while calling for not quite so much arrogance. For the right it cautions against tendencies to suppress our most tempered means of guarding against national delusions of omnipotence, yet with the incisive reminder that even I.B.J.'s Establishment represents a policy come of age compared to former treatments of ideological underdogs.

One could have wished for a further development of the concluding suggestion that oftentimes neither dissenter nor defender may speak any substantial words. It is easy to lose faith in both left and right when all the observer hears are emotion-laden clichés that signify nothing.

JOEL R. HITT

Louisville, Ky.

Sir: Dissent is like everything else in life: there's a right way and a wrong way to do things. And having a worthy goal is no excuse to go off half-cocked.

Nearly all Americans want to end the war in Viet Nam as quickly as possible, but few of us believe that running off at the mouth and carrying homemade signs will do the trick.

BOB CONWAY

Asheville, N.C.

Sir: We soldiers realize that dissent may be lengthening the war, or at least reducing any inclination the North Vietnamese might have to negotiate. But Congressmen like Hebert and Rivers, and others who try to stifle dissent, are seeking to destroy one of the very freedoms we're defending. We'd rather the Carmichael and Kings abuse these freedoms than have our Congressmen limit them and destroy them. Even a few kooks burning draft cards aren't as

disheartening as a Congressman crying, "Let's forget the First Amendment!"

(SP4) A. S. RICHARDSON

U.S.A.

Monterey, Calif.

Sir: This excerpt from a 1951 Harry Truman letter to the American Bar Association should be in bronze somewhere:

"Although the nation has always united against any external peril, blind obedience to authority has never been characteristic of Americans. Rather, they have been questioners, doubters, experimenters, and very often articulate and vociferous dissenters. This attitude is perhaps our unique and most valuable national asset. It has promoted our moral and spiritual welfare. It has forced discussion, examination, and re-examination of policies on every level. The free interchange of opinion and criticism thus made possible is in a very real sense the most important element of national security we possess, for it provides a greater likelihood that we will take the right course than does any system in which policies are determined by a few leaders whom none dares criticize."

ROWLAND ALLEN

Indianapolis

Another Johnson Nominated

Sir: Thank you for publicizing the achievements in integrity of Federal Judge Frank Johnson [May 12]. It is unfortunate that there are not more judges who understand what justice really means.

As a Catechist teacher in a heavily integrated Southern school, I suggest to Justice J. Edwin Livingston that aside from the fact that the Negro children with whom he would not want to go to school are often better-groomed, better-behaved, more intelligent, more endearing and more industrious than some of their white classmates, the process of learning is inextricably bound up with the opening of one's heart and mind to all of humanity.

HELEN O. JONES

Norfolk, Va.

Sir: Johnson sounds like the kind of man good Presidents are made of.

CARL HARRIS

Redding, England

Sir: Having spent last summer in Mississippi as a civil rights volunteer, I should like to add the name of another federal judge to that group who by their impartial enforcement of the Constitution are changing the social and political structure

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of the South more effectively than "black power" advocates will ever do. Claude Clayton in Oxford, Miss., quite possibly saved my life and the lives of my fellow volunteers by putting police in Grenada, Miss., under a federal injunction ordering them to protect us. That same summer Judge Clayton ordered Grenada to desegregate its schools. The answer to the racial problems of the South lies in each individual's obeying and upholding the law. Too often, we fail to realize that some laws will be obeyed only so long as there are judges who possess the vision, courage and conscience to enforce them.

DAY L. PATERSON

Columbia Law School
Manhattan

Who's Really on Trial?

Sir: As a sometime professor of political science and political philosophy, I am appalled by Berrigan and Russell's latest project. The Stockholm "trial" [May 12] has apparently been a prosecution without proper persecution of any defense of the American position in Viet Nam.

In promoting this "happening," Russell proved false to his own principles. He once wrote that the philosopher "must contend that any useful purpose which is to be served by propaganda must be that of promoting judgment, rational doubt, and the power of weighing opposing considerations. He will compare the public to a judge who listens to counsel on either side, and will hold that a monopoly in propaganda is as absurd as if, in a criminal trial, only the prosecution or only the defense were allowed to be heard."

RICHARD V. MONTAG

Poway, Calif.

Southern Gentlemen

Sir: Never has the hypocrisy of Northern "liberals" been more clearly evidenced than in the riot at Dartmouth when George Wallace spoke there [May 12]. Apparently the ideal of freedom of speech these students pretend to cherish so dearly can be applied only to speakers who advocate views in agreement with their own. Dartmouth students would be well advised to follow the example set by students at the University of Mississippi when they cordially received Robert Kennedy last year.

DAVID ELLIOTT, '69

WILLIAM HAMILTON, '69

College of William and Mary

Williamsburg, Va.

Better Dead Than Coed

Sir: When Mount Holyoke, along with 24 other leading women's colleges, re-

Pub for men uncorks the lusty life.



A rousing new fragrance
that stays with you.

After Shave, Cologne
and other essentials
for the lusty life.

Created for men by Revlon.

ceived \$10,000 from Time Inc. last December, we did not recognize the gift as a contribution towards funeral expenses.

In "Bitter Coed Than Dead" [May 5], you propose the burial of some very lively corpses. Let Vassar announce defeat and aspire to espouse Yale. Not so for others of us who find the greatest strength of American higher education in its diversity. We will continue to demonstrate that separate residential colleges for women offer them unparalleled opportunities to develop their intellects, their values and their qualities of leadership. We are committed to the proposition that women should have lives and purposes of their own. Mount Holyoke College, having been at it for 130 years, prefers to offer something special to the women who seek equal partnership in marriage and in careers.

RICHARD GLENN GETTILLI

President

Mount Holyoke College
South Hadley, Mass.

That was no funeral dirge; it was the melody of the times. TIME salutes independent Mount Holyoke, which in its diversity allows its students to enroll in courses at Andover and the University of Massachusetts.

Listening to Lucy

Sir: According to the book *A Man Called Lucy* [May 5], Holland in 1940 disregarded advance warnings about the Nazi invasion. However, I ran the photographic units for the Dutch Resistance and have a photograph of May 9, 1940, order indicating that the book is not quite correct.

In the afternoon of May 9, 1940, the officers of our regiment, the First Motorized Hussars, were informed that Dutch Intelligence expected a possible German invasion on May 9 or 10. We were told to pass out live ammunition to the troops and we were given the exact areas in which paratrooper landings could be expected. Large sections of storm-drain pipe were placed on the runways of the airfields, and trucks were parked at intervals on the middle of the freeways to prevent possible aircraft landings.

The Germans appeared May 10 in the exact areas where they had been expected, so that some of our platoons had German paratroopers jumping right over their heads and managed to kill many before they reached the ground.

There were, however, many Dutch unit commanders who suffered from the same unbelievable quiescence and lack of imagination that later plagued the U.S. brass at Pearl Harbor. Disturbed by previous false alarms, they now simply ignored the warning by the Dutch High Command.

L. VAN RENTERGHEM

Malibu, Calif.

The Written Word

Sir: In "The Model" [May 12], there is this comment about movies made on Taiwan: "With Mandarin sound tracks and subtitles in other dialects." For a magazine founded by an old China hand, I find this interesting. In all my years in China, I always thought the written language was universal. Has TIME found something new?

FRANK SHOR

Associate Editor
National Geographic Magazine
Washington, D.C.

See, something old. TIME meant to say "for other dialects." Taiwanese and other Chinese who speak dialects have trouble understanding spoken Mandarin. But the written language is indeed universal.

Light On the Subject

Sir: A footnote to your story on Luminal art [April 28]: In November 1963, the Corcoran Gallery presented a show called "Design in Light" that may have been the earliest exhibit of luminal art. The artist was a Washingtonian, William Bechdöfer, who developed his technique in the Visual Art Center at Harvard. His technique was described as follows:

"Using a camera, he has created authentic works of art by an abstract approach to forms, colors and materials, photographed for their shapes and tones. Crushed cloth and metal and other substances are bathed in different colored lights until a pleasing composition is obtained and photographed. The photos are framed and mounted like paintings, some with lights behind them to give a stained glass glow."

HERMANN W. WILLIAMS JR.

Director

The Corcoran Gallery of Art
Washington, D.C.

Name Game

Sir: Re Nancy Sinatra—the "Mini Mata Hari" [May 5]: No voice, no talent, not attractive, a college dropout, already divorced, but in her favor an illustrious Hollywood name. And you have the nerve to tell us that "she can claim to have made it on her own." Come off it, TIME: Had she been born Nancy Smith or Nancy Sumatra, she'd be working at Woolworth's.

ROY H. HART, M.D.

Pittsfield, Mass.

To the Rescue

Sir: About "Have Nymphet, Will Travel" [May 12]: We rescue dogs from inhumane treatment, we save cats from drowning, and we take children from parents who beat them. What can we do for a child like Romina Power?

PAMELA A. VINCENT

Randolph, Mass.

Youse Bums!

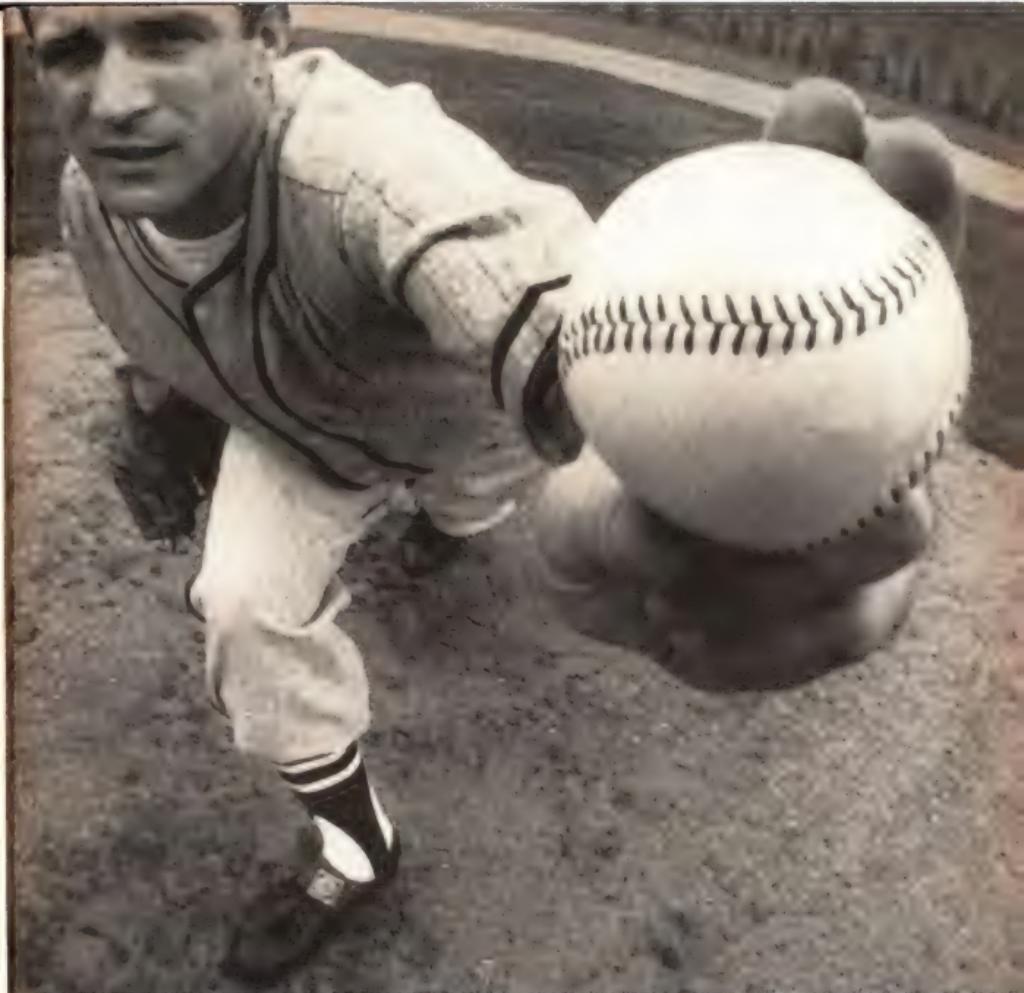
Sir: Even way out here in Phoenix, I felt a slight tremor early in the morning of Tuesday, May 9. After reading TIME [May 12], I realized the cause: the entire borough of Brooklyn had been shaken to its very foundations by your statement in PROFILE that Sandy Amoros made his famous catch in centerfield. Anyone who survived a coronary that afternoon can inform you that the catch was made in the very laps of the spectators seated next to the leftfield foul pole.

CHARLES F. WILKINSON

Phoenix, Ariz.

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We're trying to put curves on his curve ball

At Bell Telephone Laboratories we're working with a new lensless photographic process that may, in time, improve your telephone service and lead to three-dimensional television.

The process is called holography. pictures taken by laser light waves at the sides as well as the front of something.

The image is like looking through a window. Lean a little and you see around an object. Crane your neck and see into the picture.

Right now holography only works with still pictures. So it's bound to be some time before it delivers a fast-

breaking curve on the television set in your living room.

But we're exploring other, more immediate characteristics of holography.

Our operators could use holography to find telephone numbers for you in seconds—without thumbing through those thick directories.

Holography can become super accurate measuring devices that will help us improve the design of telephone equipment. This for even more reliability.

We keep looking into the future. We may be the only phone company in town, but we try not to act like it.



**When they asked,
"Can a package be
bright, protective,
and economical?" ...the men at Reynolds
showed them
high speed printing
on aluminum foil.**

From the time they saw the first Reynolds Aluminum foil labels and packages, alert marketing men knew they had something.

Not only could this bright, gleaming material put new eye-catching power into their packages, but it sealed moisture and air out, freshness in.

But package goods men wanted one more thing: aluminum foil packaging had to be priced low enough to make sense for mass production. Until 1935, no one had been able to print on foil fast and economically enough to meet this requirement.

Then the men at Reynolds saturated themselves in the mysteries of printing, inks, etching, platemaking, and rotogravure presses. And they developed the techniques and equipment for high-speed roto printing on aluminum foil—in as many as eight colors.

This made foil packaging as logical from a cost standpoint as it is from a marketing standpoint. Since then, Reynolds Aluminum foil packaging has opened and is opening new marketing doors for hundreds of packaged goods manufacturers. It has made new products possible, helped improve established ones.

Most important, it has given customers more convenience, more quality and freshness in the products they buy.

Rotogravure printing on foil is only one of a long list of developments that have made the packaging men at Reynolds leaders in their field. This same leadership applies in aluminum developments for building, transportation, and industrial products, too.

The men at Reynolds could be working on your problem right now. Call your man at Reynolds at the local Reynolds office, or write *Reynolds Metals Company, P.O. Box 2346-LI, Richmond, Virginia 23218.*



REYNOLDS
where new ideas bring you better
PACKAGING

Watch "The Red Skelton Hour," Tuesdays, CBS-TV



We have just 21 shots at you.

21 shots in a fifth to acquaint you with George Ballantine's unique blend of Highland whiskies. (Big shots, of course, may only get a dozen or so.)

21 shots to show you that Ballantine's goes down smoothly as a

great Scotch should. But has an authentic Scotch flavor all its own. As George Ballantine himself said. "The more you know about Scotch, the more you like my whisky."

21 shots to convince you that the fanatical Scotsmen of Dumbar-

ton know how to make a great whisky. As George used to say. "All things in moderation, except in making Scotch."

And if the 21 shots in a fifth do persuade you, what next?

Buy a quart.



One shot
may persuade you.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY 21 BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

Don't sell yourself short.

This year, over half a million people will.

They'll buy smaller cars (including little ones with big-car names) that cost just a few dollars a month less than this full-size Chrysler Newport.

And look what they won't get. Over 18 feet of Chrysler luxury.

One of the biggest standard V-8s to run on regular gas.

The biggest brakes in the price class.

Best resale value in Chrysler's history.

Since you can afford a Take Charge car like Chrysler, don't settle for anything less.

Not when 4 Newports are priced just a few dollars a month more than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped. See your Chrysler dealer and move up today.

CHRYSLER



Test Price A Chrysler

Illustrated above, the Newport 2-Door Hardtop equipped with optional vinyl roof.
Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre in color, Wednesdays. Major League Baseball in color, Saturdays. Both on NBC-TV.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 26, 1967 Vol. 89, No. 21

THE NATION

THE WAR

To Hanoi with Candor

By deed and by word, Washington addressed Hanoi last week in unwonted concert. The message was clear. Despite all the antiwar sentiment in the universities and within the U.S. Senate, despite all the Administration's avowals that it will explore any reasonable route toward a negotiated peace, the American people, however unhappy or confused about the war, agree in



WORDS: IDAHO'S SENATOR CHURCH
By no means comforting the enemy.

greater numbers than ever that it must continue to be fought—at least to the kind of conclusion that permits a realization of the Allies' aims.

"Don't Be Misled." The deeds included the bombing of downtown Hanoi for the first time, as U.S. jets flew through a formidable antiaircraft barrage to strike a 32,000-kw. power plant, largest in the North. But the biggest show of U.S. strength occurred in the Demilitarized Zone at the 17th parallel, just north of which at least three North Vietnamese divisions sit menacingly. In what Washington described as a "purely defensive measure" to cut off infiltration, 10,000 U.S. Marines and South Vietnamese troops for the first time stormed the southern tier of the zone via helicopter and amphibious craft (see *THE WORLD*).

Though Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright denounced the assault as "just another indication of the rising momen-

tum of fighting" and urged "some drastic action to halt it," his Democratic colleague Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield was less alarmed. "Our troops have gone only to the doorstep of North Viet Nam," he said. "They are operating south of the 17th parallel."

Earlier in the week, Fulbright had joined 15 other Senators—all longtime opponents of the war—in addressing to Hanoi an extraordinary statement. Its message, as President Johnson summed it up at a news conference, was: "Don't be misled, North Viet Nam."

Initiated by Idaho Democrat Frank Church and signed by 14 Democrats and two Republicans,¹ the statement warned that with the conflict entering a "critical juncture, it would be tragic indeed if there were any misconception in Hanoi about the realities of the political situation in the U.S." Entitled "A Plea for Realism," the document noted that "there are no doubt many citizens of the U.S. who share our expressed misgivings about the growing American involvement in Viet Nam. But there are many more who either give their full endorsement to our Government's policy in Viet Nam or who press for even greater military action." Pointedly, the signers declared that despite their attacks on the Administration, "we remain steadfastly opposed to any unilateral withdrawal of American troops."

Another *Pause*? The Senators who signed apparently had a threefold purpose. First, they wanted to let their constituents know that they were not giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Second, they wanted Hanoi to be aware that despite their own views, the great majority of the American people back the war; a Louis Harris poll, in fact, showed that no less than 72% of the public support Johnson on the war and that 59% want to intensify it. Third, the Senators were anxious to shore up their own political flanks. In Idaho, Church is worried that he may confront a recall move sponsored by members of the John Birch Society. In Oregon, a recent poll indicates that

The Democrats, besides Fulbright and Church, Alaska's Bartlett, North Dakota's Burdick, Pennsylvania's Clark, Indiana's Harrick, New York's Kennedy, South Dakota's McGovern, Montana's Metcalf, Oregon's Morse, Utah's Moss, Wisconsin's Nelson, Rhode Island's Pell, Ohio's Young, The Republicans, Kentucky's Cooper and Oregon's Hatfield.

Democrat Robert Duncan, an all-out advocate of the war who lost narrowly to Mark Hatfield in last year's Senate race, enjoys a 2-to-1 edge over Morse. Democrats Clark, Fulbright, McGovern and Nelson also are in trouble in their respective states because of their outspoken misgivings about Viet Nam.

Lyndon Johnson thus perhaps was within reach of a wider public consensus on the Viet Nam war than he had yet been able to achieve. Some Administration officials have hinted that this



DEEDS: MARINES ON PATROL IN DMZ
In every way showing the strength.

may presage some kind of peace bid. This week Buddha's birthday offers the President an opportunity to announce an extended bombing pause to determine whether North Viet Nam will really begin meaningful negotiations once its territory is no longer under air attack. There is widespread speculation in Washington that Johnson will seize the opportunity, despite its high political risks and though he is under intense pressure from his military advisers to continue the air offensive.

Meanwhile, the air at home was filled with anxious talk of a wider war. U.N. Secretary General U. Thant, neither the most impartial nor the most precise of observers, said that Viet Nam may prove to be "the initial phase of World War III." In the Senate, Republican Cooper feared that the U.S. may be approaching the "point where the last possibility for a peaceful settlement of the war will be foreclosed."

On the battlefield, the situation was

certainly tense enough. In addition to the North Vietnamese divisions based just north of the 17th parallel, U.S. intelligence detected two full divisions and elements of a third along the Cambodian frontier, waiting to attack the Central Highlands. There were reports by neutral observers that the Russians have sent Hanoi ground-to-ground Shyster missiles, 750-mile intermediate-range weapons that could reach Saigon from North Viet Nam. And the week's casualties pushed U.S. deaths in Viet Nam over the 10,000 mark, making Viet Nam the fifth costliest war in U.S. history after World War II, the Civil War, World War I and Korea.

Well aware of the week's deeds and

Was the U.S. planning any joint peace effort with the U.N.? "I don't have anything to announce on it now." Had the war in Viet Nam brought the world closer to World War III? "I don't think it would serve any purpose to speculate about that." Did that mean the President thought World War III was not very close? "Same answer." What about the intensification of fighting around the DMZ? "I wouldn't want to discuss that." Some Southern Congressman, one intrepid newsman (Erwin Knoll of Newhouse National News Service) reported, had said that the Administration was granting major concessions on desegregation guidelines in return for Southern support for its school aid bill. Was

THE CONGRESS

Trouble

In the 90th Congress' first reappraisal of major Great Society programs, the House of Representatives last week confirmed what had long been predicted: the Johnson Administration's domestic-spending bills are in deep trouble.

By a margin of 232 to 171, the House froze new commitments to a pet Administration scheme to subsidize the rents of poor families in privately owned, nonprofit housing projects. The White House had requested \$40 million for fiscal 1968, saw that figure cut to \$10 million by the Appropriations Committee and then to zero on the House floor. The Republican-led opposition came close to gutting the model-cities program as well. President Johnson had requested \$662 million for his showcase exercise in creative federalism, which is aimed at encouraging cities to draw up their own plans for the rehabilitation of neighborhoods. The Appropriations Committee excised nearly two-thirds, leaving only \$237 million. A motion to eliminate all funds except a token \$12 million for planning was narrowly defeated, 213 to 193.

THE ADMINISTRATION Post for Poats

After being picked by President Johnson for the No. 2 post in the Agency for International Development, Rutherford ("Rud") Poats had to wait six months for Senate confirmation of his appointment. The opposition to Poats was led by Indiana Democrat Birch Bayh, whose objections increasingly seemed to be motivated as much by vindictiveness as by vigilance. Last week his colleagues bypassed Bayh and voted down a motion that would have re-committed Poats's nomination to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The Senate then confirmed him, 61-24.

Bayh, 39, first clashed with Poats, 44, when he was chief of AID for the Far East and overseer of the crash program to bolster South Viet Nam's chaotic economy during the herculean U.S. buildup in 1965-66. After Bayh learned that AID officials had bought galvanized steel from Korea for quick shipment to Viet Nam, he lambasted Poats and insisted that AID purchase primarily U.S. steel. Though the Senator comes up for re-election next year in a state that has a large steel industry, he claimed his opposition to Poats was based purely on his belief that Poats had bungled the buildup. While Poats himself conceded that parts of the program had "grossly inadequate management," he argued logically enough that "when the chips are down, you often take the risky course." The risks undoubtedly cost the U.S. hundreds of thousands of dollars in goods lost to pilferage and corruption, but most Senators agreed that Poats's gamble had paid off, if only by saving the Vietnamese economy from collapse.



LBJ & WHITE HOUSE REPORTERS
Strict adherence to Axiom No. 1.

words, Lyndon Johnson reiterated his determination to keep the Viet Nam conflict localized—and to persevere there as long as is necessary. "All of us regret that we have to do what we are doing," he said, "but I think we would regret it more if we didn't do what we are doing."

THE PRESIDENCY

If Little Is Good, More Is Better

Perched on the edge of a rocking chair, with one ankle propped on a footstool, Lyndon Johnson twirled a pair of glasses and toyed with a Vicks inhaler. Nagged by newsmen, the President had agreed to talk—in a manner of speaking—with the press. Highlights:

Q. Mr. President, in the past there has been a great stress on limited objectives in Viet Nam. Now, many people seem to have the opinion that you have changed it.

A. I would, hem, agree with the first statement.

Q. Has there been any change?

A. The answer is no.

this kind of horse trading going on?" What Southern Congressman said that?"

"I am sorry, sir, I have forgotten which one."

"Bring the Congressman's statement to me and let me see it. I never heard of it. I don't know anything about it. I doubt if a Congressman said it. I know it is not true."

If the President was hardly his usual loquacious self—at times his non-answers were all but inaudible—the probable reason was his faith in Johnsonian axiom No. 1, which holds that if a little is good, more is better and most is best. In recent weeks, his public demeanor has been markedly subdued, and the low-posture ploy has apparently had results. For the first time since October, according to a Harris poll released last week, Johnson's popularity rating stands an even 50%-50% with Michigan's Governor George Romney, who only last March led the President 54% to 46%. Johnson may well conclude, by more-silence-is-better reckoning, that Presidents, like children, should be seen but not heard.

ARMED FORCES

Democracy in the Foxhole

(See Cover)

Deep in "Indian country," the Viet Cong's jungled heartland, a lone U.S. helicopter flapped furiously down on an abandoned dirt roadway. Even before the Huey hit the ground, its six passengers were out and running. Their faces streaked with camouflage paint, their black and green "tiger suits" blending into the foliage, their black-stocked M-16 automatic rifles at the ready, they faded swiftly into the perennial twilight of 80-ft. trees, impenetrable bamboo thickets, and tangles of thorns and "wait a minute" vines. This was "Lurp Team Two," a long-range reconnaissance patrol (LRP) of the 173rd Airborne Brigade, sent to seek out two Viet Cong regiments that their outfit was itching to locate, engage and destroy. Within moments, Team Two was itself in imminent danger of destruction.

It did not take long for the patrol to discover that it had landed smack in the midst of a Viet Cong concentration. As skilled as Victor Charlie in the deadly blindman's buff of jungle warfare, Team Two soon realized that the enemy was following its every move. Each time Staff Sergeant Clide Brown Jr. hated his men, they could hear a couple of toothfalls close behind—and then a bristling silence. As the jungle dusk deepened into blackness, Brown set up a defense perimeter and listened more closely. Above the keening of insects, geckos and night birds, he heard the snap of two fingers and the snick of a rifle bolt not 30 yards away. "We're getting out of here," he whispered. "They're just behind us."

Linked up head and tail like circus elephants by their "escape ropes," each humping half a hundredweight of gear,⁵ the muzzles of their rifles still taped to keep out gunk, the scouts took advantage of distant artillery salvos to mask their footfalls on the way back to a prearranged retrieval zone. Brown, in the lead, groped his way back through the blackness by memorizing the map and counting his own steps: each time his left foot hit the ground 67 times, he calculated the team had covered 100 meters. Back at the landing zone, Brown's whispered message filtered into the PRC transceiver: "Four seven, this is Papa Two. I'm in trouble. This is Papa Two . . ." No reply. The triple-tiered jungle canopy drowned his call to the pickup helicopter. Brown moved his men soundlessly across the clearing and set up a radial defense—each man flat on his back, head to the

center of the circle, his M-16 ready—behind a tangle of fallen trees.

Hanging Tough. Team Two measured the passage of the night in careful inhalations, silent exhalations, and the clack of bamboo signal sticks used by the Viet Cong patrols that passed within 50 feet of its hideout. Then, at 2 a.m., a single shot blasted the night: Brown's radio man, shifting his M-16, had accidentally triggered a tracer round—almost certainly disclosing the team's position. Brown hung tough, hoping that the cross-wave of jungle echoes would confuse the enemy searchers. It did, and at dawn the team moved back in to hunt out the Viet Cong base camp.

and-destroy missions through the Central Highlands, in the savage set-piece battles along the DMZ, in the boot-swallowing, sniper-infested mangrove swamps of the Mekong Delta, on the carrier decks and in the gun mounts of the Seventh Fleet offshore, in the cockpits of helicopters and fighter-bombers in the skies above both Viet Nams, the American Negro is winning—indeed he won—a black badge of courage that his nation must forever honor.

That badge, interlaced with all the bright strands of personal bravery and professional skill that have marked their performance in battle, proclaims a truth that Americans had not yet learned



BROWN ON PATROL IN VIET NAM

A black badge of courage to be forever honored.

Only after Brown had spotted a concentration of black pajamas did Team Two withdraw. As enemy sniper bullets stitched around and between them, the scouts blasted back with fragmentation grenades and bursts of automatic fire that chopped the brush into jungle salad. Brown "popped smoke"—yellow signal grenades—to bring in the choppers, and while hovering Huey gunships laced the weeds with rockets and .50-cal. bullets, Team Two made its getaway, mission accomplished.

Bright Strands. Sergeant Brown, 24, is a Negro from the black belt of Alabama; in 16 sorties into Indian country he has not lost anyone on his five-man team, none of whom is a Negro. The cool professionalism of Clide Brown's patrol underscores in microcosm a major lesson of Viet Nam—a hopeful and creative development in a dirty, hard-fought war. For the first time in the nation's military history, its Negro fighting men are fully integrated in combat, fruitfully employed in positions of leadership, and fiercely proud of their performance. In the unpredictable search-

about themselves before Viet Nam: color has no place in war; merit is the only measure of the man.

Can Do, Must Win. More than anything, the performance of the Negro G.I. under fire reaffirms the success—and diversity—of the American experiment. Often inchoate and inconsistent, instinctively self-serving yet naturally altruistic, the Negro fighting man is both savage in combat and gentle in his regard for the Vietnamese. He can clean out a bunker load of Viet Cong with a knife and two hand grenades, or offer smokes to a captured V.C. and then squat beside him trying to communicate in hazardous Vietnamese. He may fight to prove his manhood—perhaps as a corrective to the matriarchal dominance of the Negro ghetto back home—or to save Viet Nam for a government in Saigon about which he himself is cynical. Mostly, though, he fights for the dignity of the Negro, to shatter the stereotypes of racial inferiority, to win the judgment of noncoms and officers of whatever color: "He's got the tickets."

Even though 70% of all Negroes are

⁵ Load per man for a two-day mission: Claymore mine and 240 rounds of ammo; four canteens of water and three meals of dried meat with rice; compass, flare gun, signal mirror, orange-and-cerise panel to signal for help; morphine for wounds, pep pills for drowsiness, codeine to kill coughs that might betray a position, antidiabetics; pills; tape to ward off leeches by closing off wrists and ankles of uniforms.

rejected by the draft because of ghetto-bred ill health or non-education, the proportion of Negro army combat troops in Viet Nam is more than double the ratio of Negroes to whites in the U.S. population at large (23% v. 11%). That, according to the Negro G.I. himself and his officers, is because those who make it into military service are the "cream of the crop"—can-do, must-win competitors who volunteer for dangerous duty both for the premium pay and the extra status it gives them. "I get my jollies jumping out of airplanes," says one Negro paratrooper of his \$55-a-month extra airborne pay. Unlike Negroes in previous wars, the Viet Nam breed is well disciplined: there are proportionately no more black than white inmates of L.B.J., as the Long Binh Jail is unfriendly known. Many of the best Negro warriors are former civil rights demonstrators, men who marched on lunch counters and Washington itself to win equal rights for their race. Not surprisingly, Negroes pull a considerably higher combat death rate than whites.

Black-white relations in a slit trench or a combat-hound Huey are years ahead of Denver and Darien, decades ahead of Birmingham and Biloxi. "The only color out here is olive drab," says a white sergeant. Despite the fowlship comradeship of most G.I.s in Viet Nam, the war is not all interracial amity: vicious racist graffiti from both sides mar the walls of latrines in Saigon; whites and Negroes slug it out on occasion along the night-town streets of Tu Do and in "Soulsville," the Negro's self-imposed ghetto of joy along Saigon's waterfront. Sometimes they shoot it out. Like their people back home, many Negro G.I.s are skeptical of the aims of the war. Nonetheless, of scores of Negro servicemen interviewed by *U.S. News* in Viet Nam, all but a few volunteered the information that they were there to

serve their country, however badly it may have treated them.

"With all the inadequacies and imperfections," says a Negro infantry officer, "the U.S. still offers more individual rights than any other country; it's still worth dying for." Says South Carolina-born General William C. Westmoreland: "I have an intuitive feeling that the Negro servicemen have a better understanding than the whites of what the war is about."

Gallant Gallery. Negro officers in key technical and diplomatic posts range from Major Beauregard Brown III, 31, of De Quincey, La., who supervises combat logistics in Westmoreland's headquarters, to Navy Lieut. Commander Wendall Johnson, 33, a former gunnery officer aboard the Viet Nam-based destroyer U.S.S. *Ingraham*, who is now one of Saigon's key contacts for Thai, Nationalist Chinese and other Allied cooperation with U.S. forces. They include a brace of other, unrelated Johnsons: Major Clifton R. Johnson, 31, of Baltimore, a chemical-warfare expert with the 173rd Airborne, who laid the smokescreen that kicked off an assault on the Viet Cong regiments that Clive Brown's patrol helped to locate; and Captain Wallace Johnson, 27, a former Oklahoma University tailback who now wears the Green Beret of the Special Forces and bosses a pacification program in Viet Nam. They include Negro women like 1st Lieut. Dorothy Harris, 27, a slender, shoe-eyed nurse who was pinned down by a mortar barrage a month after she arrived in Cu Chi last January. Nurse Harris spends much of her time beyond the Cu Chi perimeter, treating disease and malnutrition among the Vietnamese civilians, who often touch her brown skin and cry: "Same! Same!" She will extend her tour of duty by six months when it is up next year.

More numerous are the front-line

warriors, commissioned and enlisted alike. Lieut. Colonel James Frank Hamlet, 45, of Buffalo, is a hard-riding Negro battalion commander of the 1st Air Cavalry Division (Airmobile), the elite "First Team" that has killed more Viet Cong than any other U.S. division in the war. The 600 men who fly Hamlet's 75 Hueys—and carry many of the Air Cav's troopers into combat—respect him for riding along on even the hottest missions and for talking straight to his bosses. Hamlet, who enlisted as a private in 1943, likes to recall that "there was a time when I knew personally every Negro lieutenant colonel; thank God, I don't any more."

The list also includes aviators like Air Force Major James T. Boddy Jr., 36, of Baltimore, a Phantom fighter-bomber pilot who has flown 153 missions over North and South Viet Nam since he arrived seven months ago. Winner of nine Air Medals and recommended for both the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Silver Star, Boddy can lay bombs or napalm within 30 meters of his own troops and take as much steel as the Viet Cong can dish out. Yet he is liable to say of Stateside antiwar demonstrators: "I'm here to protect their right to dissent."

Duty & Dogs. In the enlisted ranks, few Negro G.I.s are better known than Sergeant Lonnie Galley Samuel, another Silver Star winner, who leads a "Blue Team" of an Air Cav battalion. His job: to draw enemy fire from a chopper, then land and engage in hopes of provoking a major battle ("Sam" has provoked a batch in the past year). Asked why he does not apply for a commission, Sam, at 41, laughs: "I can do that, man. I'd be the oldest lieutenant in the Army."

Just as tough is Specialist Four Rodriguez Johns, 22, a former airline flight checker and draftee from Washington, D.C., who has survived 69 patrols as a dog handler with the 38th Infantry Scout Dog Patrol. Communist posters offer big rewards for every handler captured dead or alive, and fully half of the 18 men who arrived in Viet Nam with Johns last July have been killed or wounded. His only wound came from a dog—not his own—that flipped under pressure and nearly tore off Johns's right hand. His own dog, a German shepherd named Kentucky, patrolling at the edge of a jungle copse, sniffed out an ambush, saved 35 lives—and won Johns a Bronze Star recommendation.

Foremost among the Negro combat heroes of Viet Nam are the two who won Medals of Honor. Pfc. Milton Olive, 19, won his award posthumously by throwing himself on a grenade and saving the lives of four multicolored squaddies during a fierce fire fight near Phu Cuong in 1965. The only living Negro Medal of Honor winner in the Viet Nam war is Medic Lawrence Joel, 39, now stationed at Fort Bragg, N.C.

Making It Big. Product of a broken North Carolina home, reared by foster parents from the age of eight, Joel made



WITH SERGEANT SILSBY
The only color is olive drab.



DOG HANDLER JOHNS



RADAR OFFICER GREENE



NURSE HARRIS



JET PILOT BODDIE

As Andrew Jackson said: "You surpass my hopes, Soldiers!"

the Army a career because he was convinced that "you couldn't make it really big" as a Negro on the outside. Promotion came slowly, and he was once busted for arguing with a sergeant. Then, on a fiery slope near Bien Hoa in November 1965, Joel met Victor Charlie. As his platoon was devoured by enemy crossfire, and he himself took two slugs in the legs, Joel hobbled and crept through the holocaust to patch ripped chests, plug bottles of plasma into dangling arms, give bloody mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to corpses and wounded alike, shoot Syrettes of morphine into mangled men. He allowed himself only one Syrette for his own wounds, for fear that he might dull his mind and hamper his work. At dawn, the job done, Joel really looked at himself: hands encrusted with blood to the wrists, legs thick with edema and dirty bandages. He lay under a tree and cried for the first time since he was a boy in Winston-Salem.

Last week, in crisp dress whites, Joel and his wife were the guests of President Johnson at the annual White House military reception. A gentle, reticent man, who once thought of giving up military life to become a beautician, Joel responded firmly when reporters pressed him about the morality of the war: "Most of the men who have been to Viet Nam feel this war is right."

Perils & Glory. Individual Negroes have shown valor in every war: Crispus Attucks was the first American to die under British fire in the Boston Massacre; Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, himself, perhaps part Negro, mustered many colored sailors aboard his men-of-war in 1812; a battalion of 600 Negroes turned the tide at the Battle of New Orleans by defeating British General Pakenham's seasoned Napoleonic veterans. Andrew Jackson paid them a glowing tribute: "To the Men of Color—Soldiers! I invited you to share in the perils and to divide the glory of your white countrymen. I expected much

from you; for I was not uninformed of those qualities which must render you so formidable. I knew you could endure hunger and thirst; I knew that you loved the land of your nativity. But you surpass my hopes, Soldiers!"

Few such encomiums greeted the Negro regiments of the Civil War—though many units fought gallantly on both sides. Negro troops also served with valor in the Indian wars and the Spanish-American War. (One of their white officers, John Pershing of the 10th Negro Cavalry, became "Black Jack" to a later generation because of his service with Negro troops.) In World Wars I and II, some of the luster was lost with reports of the sometimes cowardly performance of the Negro 92nd and 93rd Divisions, and with the rioting by off-duty Negro soldiers that accompanied a rise in racial tensions.

Race as a Crutch. Though Harry Truman ordered the military services desegregated in 1948, the Korean War found Negroes still serving in all-black outfits, or else in behind-the-lines non-combat roles. White officers—particularly in the Navy and Marine Corps—stubbornly kept Negroes out of top command positions.

That situation is better today in Viet Nam—but not much. Though more than 10% of the Army troops in Viet Nam are Negroes, only 5% of the 11,000 officers are black. Of the 380 combat-battalion commands in the war, only two are held by Negro officers. Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke, during his Viet Nam tour in March, received many complaints that the Negro is not given the opportunity to attain command; he cites the case of a Negro colonel who, when promoted, was given a desk job that had never existed before simply to keep him from being assigned to a line command. One reason, of course, is that too many potential Negro officers lack the educational requirements for command. In fact, Captain James R. Randall, 34, a Negro

psychiatrist for the 4th Infantry Division, though agreeing that many Negro officers and enlisted men complain of discrimination, says: "Many times I have found that the complaint because of race is not really that, but that race has been used by some as a crutch." To the argument that Negroes are too poor for college deferments must be added the fact that they like the military enough to re-enlist at a rate three times that of the white servicemen.

Still, many Negro soldiers prefer to pull their passes in Saigon's self-segregated Soulsville, a warren of bars and brothels along Khanh Hoa Street near the capital's waterfront. In the honky-tonks, they can dig the big beat of the Supremes singing *Come See About Me* or the kinky cool of Ahmad Jamal's *Heat Wave*, bob about the bars in their "shades" (sunglasses) and talk "trash" (shoot the bull). The girls of Soulsville—many of them dark-skinned Cambodians or the daughters of French Senegalese soldiers—are less costly and usually less comely than their sisters on white-dominated Tu Do Street near by. The "in" spot in Soulsville is the L. & M. Guest House, a bar-restaurant and record booth run by balding, beer-bellied "Johnny" Hill, 35, a New Orleans Negro and ex-merchant sailor whose menu of "soul food" runs from No. 4 (turnip greens) through No. 8 (charbroiled sparers) to No. 9, "Kansas City Wrinkles," better known as chitlins. In Soulsville, the sustenance is psychological as well. There, no matter how close he may be to white soldiers on the line, the Negro G.I. can get away from "Chuck," the white man (the Stateside nickname "Charlie" is reserved for the Viet Cong). "Chuck's looks in those Tu Do bars!" growls one Negro ptc. "Man, they hurt more than a Claymore."

Whatever "Keep the baby, baby" might mean to Adam Clayton Powell, the phrase is used by most soldiers in Viet Nam to mean, as Negro Captain Clifford Alexander Jr. puts it: "We are

fighting over here against the Viet Cong and at home against discrimination; together we can win in both places." The Negro on duty becomes a truly invisible man: "In civilian life, somebody might look at you and say 'You're a Negro,'" remarks Navy Lieut. (j.g.) Friedel C. Greene, 25, a carrier-based radar tracker from Memphis. "Over here they just look to see if you do your job." That hopeful sentiment reflects a concern with full citizenship that goes far beyond the desperate banalities of Negro dissidents in the U.S.

Rural Deprivation. The whirlwind of civil rights protest that swept up millions of American Negroes over the past decade never touched Lurp Leader Clyde Brown. In his starched khakis, cocky tan beret and flaming sword patch on the right, he is a 5-ft. 7-in., 168-lb. pillar of dignity. Great-grandson of a slave, he grew up in Brewton (pop. 7,000), a sawmill town in the piny woods of Alabama. His father, Clyde Brown Sr., is known as "Buck" to his friends because of his lively buck-and-wing dancing. Individualist Clyde Brown Jr. always insisted on spelling his name differently.

"I always loved that boy so much it hurt," says Buck, a \$100-a-week construction worker. "When he'd wrestle, he'd always have to win. Now he can win with me. He's a better man than me now. He doesn't sass the captains. He's a good, red-blooded American boy." Buck taught his son to hunt and fish in the dense woods near by. Schoolmates of Counter Guerrilla Clyde still recall how, when he was twelve, he converted a cap pistol into a zip gun and shot a deer, then dived into a river to wrestle it out and into the family

larder. Clyde Brown Jr. had no desire to spend his life in the pine flats "tim-tim-tim" (notching pine trees to collect the gum for turpentine). As soon as he graduated from Brewton's all-black Booker T. Washington High School, where he played halfback on the football team and shortstop for the Pony League Brewton Braves, he joined his daddy in the construction trade. Having promised his mother not to enlist, Clyde was secretly happy to be drafted into the Army in 1961.

Benefits from Sam. A tour in West Germany as a paratrooper convinced him that the Army was his life. "Number 1," he says, "the Army is a good job. You get paid good money and there are benefits and other good things Sam has for you. Then you get a chance to work with people and be a leader. What's more, any paratrooper can whup five 'legs' [infantrymen]!" Brown thought about OCS but rejected it. "I like being a noncom," he says, "and the Army always needs good NCOs. Some officers are something else."

During his West German R and R, Brown visited Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Turkey and Greece—places that few of his schoolmates in Brewton will see in their lifetime. Back in the States in 1966, he married a divorcee, Amelia Greenlee, whose Army sergeant father is a 30-year man in the infantry, and whose two children by her previous marriage Brown has adopted. Clyde and Amelia also have a son of their own, two-year-old David.

Safer than the Bats. Fort Benning gave Brown a chance to join a Lurp team. The boy from the black belt taught judo at Benning's Ranger school, sat as a member of the Combat Conditioning Committee, and last July stitched on the coveted Ranger patch. After passing stiff interviews and skill tests in map reading, marksmanship and "maturity," Brown was picked as a Lurp leader in Viet Nam last November. "They have to be trustworthy," says Major Raymond F. Spinks, the brigade intelligence officer, who relies on Brown's reports. "It's safer than in the bats [infantry battalions]," says Brown with pragmatic insolence.

When not on patrol, Brown reads (currently *A Thousand Days*), listens to rock 'n' roll records (favorites: The Righteous Brothers, James Brown), or sips bourbon with his buddy, Sergeant Arthur Silsby, a 26-year-old New Yorker who happens to be white. Brown eschews Soulsville forays, preferring to send his money home to his wife, and to put his 14-year-old sister Lois through college. As for Viet Nam, Brown is castist. "You stay alert, you stay alive," he says. "And that red clay do remind you of northern Alabama."

"Hell, No!" Like most soldiers, Clyde Brown is basically apolitical; yet as a Negro he is a member of America's most active political minority. How does he justify the contradiction? "I don't know whether I would march if I be-



AMELIA BROWN & CHILDREN
Links of pride and red clay.

came a civilian again," says Brown. "But nobody is going to shove me around. That goes for those peace people who don't want to support our Government, and the white bigots, and Carmichael and his bunch, who don't want to support my people." His people? By that Brown means not the Negro, but his own patrol members.

What burns Brown and most Negro fighting men is the charge—first proclaimed by Stokely Carmichael and now echoed by the likes of Martin Luther King—that Viet Nam is a "race war" in which the white U.S. Establishment is using colored mercenaries to murder brown-skinned freedom fighters. "Hell, no, man!" snaps Brown, in an unconscious parody of Carmichael's anti-draft slogan. "We're here fighting for a cause, not a white or a black cause or any crap like that. I'd like a chance to meet Stokely out there with the V.C." Most incomprehensible to men who have seen their buddies maimed by V.C. steel and booby traps is Carmichael's statement that it's better to shoot a white cop than a Vietnamese.

"Nothing Separate." A Negro Army major reflects the Negro G.I.'s deep concern for the Vietnamese civilian when he says: "I wish Martin Luther King and William Fulbright could see for themselves the savage butchery that the Viet Cong have wrought in the name of liberty." Fulbright gets a double dose of dislike from the Negro G.I., his anti-war sentiments dovetail with his record of support for segregation. Negro 1st Lieut. Frank Smith, 33, a platoon leader of the "Big Red One," who earned a Bronze Star last year in a fight near Di An, where four of his white soldiers died trying to save a wounded Negro, says of Fulbright: "He's actin' pink as a cranberry." Curiously, one Southern white segregationist wins grudging praise from the Negro in Viet Nam: House Armed Services Committee Chairman L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina. "That's the man who



MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER JOEL & WIFE
Tears and devotion in disaster.

gets us the pay raises," Specialist Five William Brent of Pensacola explains—correctly.

Cassius Clay, respected for his cool style and forensic fulminations, is nonetheless resented by the Negro G.I.s for his draft evasion. "He gave up being a man when he decided against getting inducted," says Clide Brown. "And I don't want him as a Negro either." (Anyway, most G.I.s who know him think that Marine Sergeant Percy Price could whip Clay any time—as he did at the Olympic trials in San Francisco in 1960.) Negro G.I.s blame Clay's misdirection on the Black Muslims. "They're separatists," says Clide Brown, "and there's nothing separate about this war." Adds an Army officer: "There's no difference between Elijah Muhammad and the Grand Dragon of the Klan."

The most perplexing figure to Negroes in Viet Nam is Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. They respect him still for his pioneering role in the civil rights revolution but are puzzled and hurt by his current stance that Negroes should refuse to fight in Viet Nam. "I don't think any American leader, black or white, can assist the cause of freedom by preaching the cause of sedition," says Negro Lieut. Colonel Warren P. Kynard, 39, an operations officer on the Saigon staff of General Westmoreland. "Furthermore, I don't think Martin Luther King is qualified enough in international relations to open his mouth on American policy in Viet Nam." Harsh words from any source—but particularly since Kynard is the former fiancé of Coretta King, Martin Luther's wife, and still a close friend of the couple.

Bridge Builders. **Massachusetts'** Brooke, first Negro elected by popular vote to the U.S. Senate, emerges clearly as the most popular leader among Negro troops, who mostly esteem the bridge builders who try to cross the racial gap rather than widen it. They were impressed with Brooke's painful reversal of opinion about the war after his firsthand look at the battleground. According to Army Sergeant Velmon D. Phillips, who won a Bronze Star recommendation after trying in vain to save the life of a white paratrooper, Ed Brooke "proves that a Negro can make it on merit alone."

Predictably, Air Force Lieut. General Benjamin O. Davis Jr., the highest-ranking Negro officer in any service—and son of the first Negro general, Benjamin O. Davis—rates high with Negro servicemen. So do such moderates as the N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins, U.S. Solicitor General (and longtime civil rights strategist) Thurgood Marshall, Labor Leader A. Philip Randolph (who directed the 1963 March on Washington), U.N. Under Secretary Ralph Bunche and Baseball Great Jackie Robinson. Negroes in Viet Nam show the same respect for Southern-born General William C. Westmoreland as do white G.I.s. "His position on civi-

l rights was a matter of public record even before he came to Viet Nam," notes Major Beauregard Brown.

Confidence & Skills. Whatever the outcome of the war, whatever its length and its price in suffering, the result of the Viet Nam experience should pay high dividends in reshaping white Americans' attitudes toward social justice and integration: it has already given some 50,000 Negroes a sense of self-confidence and a commensurate demand for deeper participation in American society. "If anybody slights one of my soldiers for racial reasons when he gets home," says Clide Brown's commanding officer, Brigadier General John R. Deane, "I expect that soldier's going to get madder than hell."

That anger could well be triggered if, on his return, the Negro veteran of



SAIGON'S SOULSVILLE
Where sustenance is psychological, too.

Viet Nam finds himself cast back into the ghetto and a social immobility equivalent to the triple-canopy of the Southeast Asia jungle. "He's seen miles of progress in Viet Nam," says Beauregard Brown, "when there wasn't an inch of progress at home in Harlem or Jackson." The Urban League's Whitney Young Jr., one of the few Negro civil rights leaders who have visited Viet Nam, warns in Harper's June issue that, along with his "new confidence," the Negro G.I. has acquired new skills "of guerrilla warfare, of killing, of subversion, and it would be realistic to expect such experts of mines and booby traps to find good reason why they should use these skills and risk their lives against the enemy of personal injustice as they did against the enemy of Communist aggression." Negro Leader Bayard Rustin has a more constructive view: "As the students of 1960 were in the

forefront of the civil rights movement back then, the Negro G.I. will be in the forefront of the next phase."

Only a Beginning. Fully 15,000 Negro veterans are returning to civilian life each year, and if the war continues to grow in its demands for more troops, their numbers will mount accordingly. To help those men find a place in civilian life worthy of their talents and proven leadership capabilities, the Urban League will begin this summer to seed ten "Veterans Affairs Offices" into its 81 nationwide centers. Funded at \$175,000, the VAO program will help Negroes use their G.I. benefits (\$150 a month for education, place them in a "skill bank," and offer on-the-job training where it is needed.

At the same time, the Federal Government is moving to eradicate some of the racial injustices that still exist back home. Last week Defense Secretary Robert McNamara announced a long overdue program to eliminate "humiliating discrimination" in off-base housing against Negro G.I.s who are often forced to travel long distances to and from their Southern bases. It might even ease the complaint of the Air Cav's Jim Hamlet, who refuses to accept post-Viet Nam duty in the segregated South—"although some of the best jobs in Army aviation are there."

Whatever the conditions when they return, Negro veterans, says Senator Brooke, "will be better able to make a better life for themselves." They will have acquired sophistication and skills along with their expectations. University of Chicago Sociologist Morris Janowitz, one of the few scholars who have given intensive thought to the re-entry problem, believes: "The experience of the military will integrate them into the larger society. They will be more likely to enter the mainstream of political American life." Military service, after all, makes a man wiser, not angrier, and the Negro vet will probably be more attracted to politics than demonstration or riot.

Melvin Stennis Jr., 24, of the 25th Division "Wolfhounds," who as a squad leader commands the life and death movements of five whites and one other Negro, has perhaps the definitive word on the future of Negro progress. Before entering the Army, Stennis watched the Watts riot from his doorstep. "I hear people are still rioting back home," he says. "It makes you feel sore, sick and guilty. Riots don't do nothing. Instead of playing the big-time part, you got to work for what you want. Don't beg, steal or burn. You got to work for it." Then he pauses. "In Viet Nam, we are working for it."

American society also has to work for him. By channeling the energies and accommodating the ambitions of the returning Negro veteran, the nation can only enrich its own life and demonstrate that democracy can work as well in the cities and fields of America as in the foxholes of Viet Nam.

TRIALS

Nürnberg & Viet Nam

It seemed at first a pedestrian case ambling toward a predictable conclusion. An obscure physician from Brooklyn, drafted into the Army and clearly a military misfit, was haled before a general court-martial, charged with preaching antiwar dogma to enlisted men and refusing to teach them dermatology as he had been ordered. But last week the case of Captain Howard Levy took on unexpected significance both as a precedent in military law and as a chapter in the worldwide debate over the Vietnamese war. For the first time in a U.S. military court, the war-crimes



LEVY & ATTORNEY MORGAN
Calling all propagandists.

doctrine of Nürnberg was allowed as a defense strategy; those who charge the U.S. with heinous atrocities were invited to put up evidence.

Colonel Earl Brown, the law officer, or presiding official, at the Fort Jackson, S.C., trial, observed matter-of-factly: "My research discloses the Nürnberg trials involve a rule that a soldier must refuse an order to commit war crimes." If it can be shown that by obeying the order, Levy was abetting the commission of atrocities, Brown said, the major charge against him would be dropped. The defense, led by Charles Morgan Jr., southeastern regional director of the American Civil Liberties Union, was so astonished at the ruling that war-crimes evidence would be heard that it had none to offer immediately. Instead Morgan won a recess until this week and called on antiwar propagandists to volunteer proof of his statement: "I think we can prove there is a policy of eradication of the Vietnamese people who won't support our side."

Lock of WACs. Morgan sounded as extreme as his client. According to the charges against Levy and the testimony of some of the 27 prosecution witnesses, the doctor told GIs that he would refuse to go to Viet Nam if ordered, that Negro soldiers especially should refuse to fight there, that Lyndon Johnson was like Adolf Hitler and that Special Forces men—whom he was ordered to instruct—"are liars and thieves and killers of peasants and murderers of women and children." To teach the Green Berets how to treat skin diseases of Vietnamese peasants, Levy said, would "prostitute" his "profession. Therefore he defied the order.

To this the defense offered no factual opposition. Morgan argued that the case should be thrown out on a variety of grounds, ranging from constitutional guarantees of free speech to the fact that WACs are excluded from court-martial panels. "It is the right, indeed the duty," said Morgan, "of all Americans to think, to dream and to talk." However, the most serious charge against Levy is that he refused to carry out a direct order given in writing.

Somebody Got Mad. Here the dispute is over the order's legality. Captain Richard Shusterman, the senior prosecutor, contended that no man in uniform can pass on the "wisdom and propriety" of his commanding officers' orders. Morgan countered that since Nürnberg, "all men are responsible for their acts." He also called the order illegal and got another Army doctor to testify that he, too, would refuse to train Special Forces troops in medical skills on the grounds that Special Forces men, unlike other Army medics, are fighters first and corpsmen second. Morgan also argued that Levy's views had been well known since his induction two years ago. "One day," said Morgan, "somebody got mad and decided to get Howard Levy."

If so, Levy, 30, had given some provocation. He describes himself as a "disruptive person" who has no business in the Army. To prove it he caused a flap by refusing to join the Fort Jackson officers' club. Later his commanding officer reprimanded him for minor infractions such as appearing unkempt, his hair too long, his insignia improperly affixed. One witness testified that Levy told him he would rather go to Leavenworth than Viet Nam. The Army is not disposed to offer a choice; the charges against Levy could get him eleven years in jail.

THE CAPITAL

Crossing the Potomac

The State Department's announcement was about as terse as a bureaucratic bulletin can be: János Radványi, Hungary's chief of mission to the U.S., had "decided that he wishes to become a permanent resident of the United States, and it is our understanding that he is submitting a letter of resignation

to his government." Thus last week, little more than two months after the defection of Svetlana Alliluieva Stalin, another Communist VIP made the big switch. The highest-ranking Communist diplomat ever to have defected to the West,⁷ Radványi was, in addition, an invaluable source for U.S. intelligence on recent events in the fast-changing countries of Eastern Europe.

An affable professional who has held some of Hungary's most sensitive diplomatic posts, Radványi was sent to Washington in 1962 to further the Kádár regime's goal of improving Hungary's strained relations with the U.S. In this he was partially successful, since Washington was by no means reluctant; and he was instrumental in getting both countries to agree to elevate



DEFECTOR RADVÁNYI

In the end, irrevocably frustrated.

their legations to embassies. The State Department knew in January of Radványi's promotion from chargé d'affaires to ambassador, one of his fondest dreams; Washington had only to announce its own ambassadorial appointment to Budapest to make it official.

A Simple Matter. Early last week Radványi called his office to say that he planned to take a few days off. Next he called "American authorities"—most likely his old friend Dean Rusk—to ask asylum for himself, his wife Julianna and their son János, 15. When his housekeeper, a watchdog assigned by Budapest, returned to the Radványi's house at 2838 Arizona Avenue, N.W., from a shopping trip the following afternoon, the three occupants had disappeared with their possessions and left no forwarding address (they went to a suburban hideout). Forty-five minutes later, the State Department made its laconic statement.

Though a Romanian minister and another Hungarian head of mission defected to the U.S. in the '40s, neither was as high in his own government as Radványi, who held the coveted rank of career ambassador.

Why had he come over? Personal considerations—his wife had been ill for some time—unquestionably played a part. But another reason he gave U.S. authorities was his country's hardening attitude toward the American position in Viet Nam. Though Hungarian diplomats had played a key role in a short-lived effort to bring Hanoi and Washington together before and during the 1966 bombing pause, Budapest gave up all efforts to effect a settlement last fall and reportedly ordered Radványi to abandon mediation attempts. Devoutly believing in closer East-West relations, Radványi became increasingly—and, in the end, irrevocably—frustrated by his government's instructions, and opted for American citizenship rather than a Hungarian ambassadorship.

PENNSYLVANIA

Debut of a Wallflower

During his four years as Pennsylvania's lieutenant governor, Raymond Shafer stayed so dutifully on the sidelines that he was virtually a new face when he decided to run for outgoing Governor William Scranton's job. Buoyed by his heady victory last year, Republican Shafer lost no time rushing in where angels—and Scranton—had trod to their regret. As his administration's first major project, he chose revision of the state's antiquated constitution. Since the voters had already nixed six previous attempts (including one by Scranton) to change the 93-year-old constitution, old political pros gave Shafer's ambitious scheme less chance than a wallflower at a garden party. Last week Pennsylvanians rewarded the Governor's bold effort, approving a constitutional convention by a margin of nearly 400,000 votes.

"It was a big gamble," said Deputy Democratic State Chairman John Lynch. "Shafer laid his administration on the line and he came through." Said Republican Senator Hugh Scott: "It shows he'll take a big risk for an important result."

Fort Courage. For the husky Shafer, 50, a small-town attorney, there was never any question that the advantages of a modernized constitution were worth the risks. "I was advised by a great many people not to do this," he says. "I don't think I ever hesitated." Indeed, from the day of his inauguration, Shafer began plotting and plugging for reform. With his aides, he set up a special office wryly dubbed "Fort Courage" in the Penn-Harris Motor Inn near the capitol building in Harrisburg. He enlisted Scranton's help, as well as that of former Democratic Governor George M. Leader; he raised \$50,000 to finance the campaign and began a fatiguing round of personal appearances. He especially emphasized constitutional reforms that would: 1) upgrade Pennsylvania's outmoded judicial system; 2) periodically reapportion the state legislature to give city dwellers a fair share of representation; and 3) eliminate the

19th century prohibition against state indebtedness of more than \$1,000,000.

Dismal Disunity. The successful campaign represented more than personal victory for Shafer. Along with the 50,000 patronage jobs he controls as Governor, it added up to strengthened leadership over Pennsylvania's resurgent Republican Party. Both John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson carried Pennsylvania and its bagful of electoral votes largely because of Democratic strength in Philadelphia. But in the same election last week that showed Shafer's strength, Philadelphia Democrats displayed dismal disunity: the regular party's nominee for mayor, Alexander Hemphill, was beaten nearly 2 to 1 by Mayor Jim Tate for the Democratic nomination. Republican Arlen Specter



GOVERNOR SHAFER
Big risk for an important result.

now is the favorite to become the first G.O.P. mayor in Philadelphia in 16 years. If that happens, said Senator Scott, "I don't see how the President can carry Pennsylvania next year."

TEXAS

Hate in Houston

Throughout the South, the quiet campuses of Negro colleges are smoldering with the unrest and resentments of an unquiet generation. One night last week, Houston's Texas Southern University, which is 95% Negro, erupted into a campus-style Watts. By morning, 488 students were arrested, one student and two policemen were wounded and a rookie cop was dead.

About 50 students were gathered in front of the student union when a rioter went through the crowd that a policeman had shot a six-year-old Negro child that day. Someone heaved a watermelon at a police cruiser, and the crowd dispersed to shout the shooting rumor through the campus. It was too late to tell them that the six-year-old was actually a white child wounded by a white boy who was target-shooting.

Students poured out of their dormitories. More police arrived. Rocks and bottles flew. Then shots flashed from Lanier Hall, a men's dormitory, wounding Officer R. D. Blaylock in the thigh.

Soon it was full combat between police and snipers in the hall. Some 500 police stormed the dormitory, pouring more than 3,000 rounds of shotgun and carbine fire into the building. Officer Dale Dugger, 32, took a bullet wound in the cheek. Patrolman Louis Kubas, 25, was hit in the forehead and died six hours later. "It looked like the Alamo," said one policeman. Somehow, only one student was wounded. After the cops had raged through the dormitory, virtually all of its 144 rooms were wrecked—TV sets kicked in, clothes destroyed and even the housemother's sewing machine smashed.

In the morning all but four of the 488 arrested students were released, but the mood at L.S.U. remained venomous. What caused the riot? "Hate," was the explanation of S.N.C.C. leader F. D. Kirkpatrick. Hatred of the school administration, police, Whitey, and every other target of a student's ire on the eve of final exams, which were held on schedule.

THE ASSASSINATION

Shadow on a Grassy Knoll

The most trampled patch of greenery in America may well be the small knob above Elm Street in Dallas, close to the Texas School Book Depository. The grassy knoll owes its notoriety to conspiracy-peddling critics of the Warren Commission who contend that an unidentified sniper on the knoll fired on John F. Kennedy. Last week new evidence appeared to support the Warren Commission's conclusions that no bullets came from the knoll; that the two shots which killed Kennedy and wounded Governor John Connally were triggered by Lee Harvey Oswald from the book depository building.

Motion-picture film shot by Orville Nix, one of the three known amateur photographers who recorded the assassination, had made it appear to some eyes that a rifleman lay on a raised object atop the knoll. United Press International bought the film from Nix and persuaded Massachusetts' Itk Corporation, which specializes in sophisticated photographic equipment and photographic analysis processes, to find out what Nix's camera really captured. Employing advanced methods that were not available to the Warren Commission, Itk concluded in a 55-page report that 1) no one could be discerned on the suspect area of the knoll, 2) the purported figure of a rifleman was actually a tree's shadow, 3) the raised object was probably a vehicle in a parking lot behind the knoll, and 4) because of abutments and other obstructions, it would have been virtually impossible to sharpshoot from the vehicle's position on the knoll. "Exhaustive studies," said Itk, "failed to turn up any new evidence."

LINDBERGH: THE WAY OF A HERO

MAN and moment met at a still point in a changing world. Ten years earlier, it could not have been done at all. Ten years later, it had become routine. But at this particular time, all the world could feel that its hopes, for a few excruciating and exhilarating hours, lay in the hands of one young man. And when Charles Lindbergh landed the *Spirit of St. Louis* on Paris' Le Bourget field, people everywhere—groundlings with a sudden vision of a boundless future—experienced a leap of the heart.

For he flew alone. And on a single engine. He was the first real hero of the machine age, and in a sense the last. For not only was he in control of his machine, he was its partner; it was still possible to love it. Today's vast machines, casually performing vastly greater feats, exact service; but they scorn affection. They require large teams to tend them, and dwarf the individual.

Charles Lindbergh's flight occurred 40 years ago last week, and no one under 50 can fully appreciate what it meant. It became America's national saga, all the more classic because its hero was to be shadowed by tragedy and did not prove to be free of flaws. "Slim" Lindbergh looked like the original country rube, with cowlick and baggy breeches, and he stirred folk memories; there was about him something of the raggedy fellow at the Sherwood tournament who outshoots the sheriff's best archers.

"The Flying Fool," they called him. Where his rivals prepared elaborate rations, Lindbergh bought five sandwiches from a restaurant, remarking: "If I get to Paris, I won't need any more, and if I don't get to Paris, I won't need any more either." When he was dragged from the plane at Le Bourget 33 hours and 30 minutes later, legend insists that he said: "Well, here we are." He was mobbed by the public and feted by the great (the bad to borrow a suit to meet the President of France). President Calvin Coolidge sent a U.S. Navy cruiser to bring him home, and was waiting for him at the foot of the Washington Monument when he arrived. U.S. Ambassador to France Myron Herrick spoke for most when he declared: "He stood forth amidst clamor and crowds, the very embodiment of fearless, kindly, cultivated American youth—unspoiled, unspoiled. A nation which breeds such boys need never fear for its future." Young Lindbergh seemed engagingly modest, and remarked that he had merely wanted to prove the possibilities of future air travel and the need for commercial airports.

Man & Legend

From the start, the legend was slightly askew. Lindbergh was no Flying Fool. Even at 25, he was probably the best knockabout flyer in the U.S. He was chief pilot (of three) for a tiny airline with a newly awarded contract to fly airmail between St. Louis and Chicago. Four times, lost in fog, he had been forced to ditch his plane and jump for his life. Lindbergh had left the University of Wisconsin midway through his sophomore year to take a course in flying, bought his first plane (for \$500) a year later, and qualified as a pilot in the Army Air Service. As a barnstormer, he walked wings, became a master of every stunt a Jenny could be put through. Landing was just a matter of picking the likeliest-looking pasture; navigation was done by spotting the shape of rivers, or sometimes by swooping low over the railroad station to read the signs.

He was indeed alone. His father, a lawyer and later an obstreperous Populist Congressman, died when Charles was 21, and long before that had become estranged from Charles's schoolteacher mother. In the strange confraternity of barnstormers, few were really intimate, and none had a home—they met only over coffee in shacks near the local airport, briefly shared rooms in some nearby boardinghouse. In this rough camaraderie of essential strangers, the young

Lindbergh was addicted to practical jokes, which for those who lack a sense of real human contact are often a last attempt to communicate. He put snakes in beds, made power dives with passengers given to airsickness. But he never seemed either happy or go-lucky. He cultivated his body as a trust; he not only refused to drink or smoke but also gave up coffee for fear it would spoil his reflexes. He once made up a list of 61 "character factors" in his diary, checked off his score at the end of each day.

And he was not really modest. From the start, he had a sense of being apart, endowed with special purpose. Once he had concluded that somebody could fly nonstop and solo from New York to Paris, he decided that it might as well be he. The whole business of financing and designing his plane seems in retrospect hair-raisingly slapdash. But he knew exactly what he was doing. Examining reports of earlier crashes, he figured that everything had to be subordinated to saving weight; for instance, elaborate equipment for a forced landing, he decided, was not worth the cost in weight, which could be better used for extra fuel. Similarly, he decided to fly a Great Circle course rather than follow the ship lanes, where he might be picked up in case of failure. Everyone else had taken or planned to take a navigator along; Lindbergh figured a navigator was equivalent in weight to 50 gallons of gasoline, and he needed the gasoline more than the navigation.

Medicine & War

After a week of waiting in New York for a stubborn spring storm to lift, he was on his way to see a musical comedy when he learned that the weather was improving. At midnight, he went to bed to try to catch two hours' sleep. He could not sleep, rose at 2:15, and watched his plane being gassed up and trundled into position on the runway at Roosevelt Field (when he finally touched down, he had been without sleep for roughly 54 hours). Several men pushed frantically on the struts to get him started, lumbering through mud puddles. He cleared a tractor (who left a tractor just there?) by 15 feet, the telephone wires by 20, and was off.

How does one survive Lindbergh's kind of triumph? If he was condemned to a permanent sense of anticlimax, he gave no sign of it. In the aftermath of the flight, Lindbergh earnestly devoted himself to exploiting his fame for the sake of developing aviation. And aviation needed it. In 1927, in all the U.S., fewer than 9,000 people went aloft as passengers on scheduled airlines (compared with 109 million last year). Between accepting medals, he flew the *Spirit of St. Louis* to every state in the Union, pleading the future of aviation in a high, reedy Midwestern voice. Though he turned down million-dollar contracts for movies and cigarette endorsements, he accepted offers from Pan Am and Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc. (later TWA), to become a consultant. Stock options made him a millionaire almost overnight. The Minnesota farm boy and barnstorming pilot moved more and more in the ambiance of the very rich. Among them he found his wife—Anne Morrow, daughter of ex-Morgan Partner Dwight Morrow, who was then ambassador to Mexico, where Lindbergh had been sent on a good-will mission.

By this time, Lindbergh had become thoroughly bored with the press and publicity. Time and again, crowds would break through police lines to swarm up to his plane; more than once he swung the plane around to drive them back with the blast of his prop wash. In the four years after his marriage, he embarked on two world-swinging trips to explore aviation routes: the first across Canada and Alaska to Japan and China to dramatize the Great Circle course to the Far East (written up by Anne in *North to the Orient*), and the second across the North Atlantic

to Europe and back across the South Atlantic (again recorded by Anne in *Listen, the Wind!*). The report he submitted to Pan Am embodied the same pragmatic realism he had shown in equipping the *Spirit of St. Louis*, and helped change the shape of airplanes. He argued that it was more important to design an airplane to stay aloft and fly over or out of danger than to add intricate, heavy features that might or might not help in a forced landing. This is general airline doctrine today.

For a time, the tragedy of the Lindbergh baby's kidnapping (in March 1932) blotted out all other concerns, but fanned his hatred of the press. Lindbergh plainly felt that the merciless mob of newspapermen descending on his Hopewell, N.J., farmhouse had scared the kidnappers out of their wits and perhaps panicked them into killing his son. After the long ordeal of the trial, he secretly loaded his family on a freighter and fled to England, where they settled on the estate of Author-Critic Harold Nicolson. Thus began the period in Lindbergh's life in which he tried to be a political prophet—with results that shocked and saddened most of his countrymen.

Waves of the Future

For a time, he devoted himself chiefly to his latter-day interest in the medical experiments of Dr. Alexis Carrel, the famed French scientist, then working on the problem of keeping human organs alive outside the body. To help Carrel, Lindbergh had used his magical mechanical ingenuity to devise a "perfusion pump" that kept the thyroid gland of a cat alive for 18 days. Gradually, the sickly state of the world drew his attention away from medicine. The Nazis were pushing ahead with their development of an air force, and the U.S. military attaché in Berlin figured that they might show Lindbergh things they would not show him. He helped arrange Lindbergh's invitation to Germany.

In three visits over the next three years, Lindbergh was feted, decorated by Göring, shown the Nazis' biggest assembly lines and best planes. He came back convinced that Germany's air force could obliterate any city in Europe and defeat the combined power of any conceivable collection of allies. He also acquired a sneaking admiration for Nazi efficiency. Lindbergh's almost pathological loathing for publicity, suggested Nicolson, had taken on political overtones. "He identified the outrage to his private life first with the popular press and then . . . with freedom of speech and then almost, with freedom. . . . His self-confidence thickened into arrogance. . . . His mind had been sharpened by fame and tragedy until it had become as hard as metal and as narrow as a chisel." On the side, Dr. Carrel may have filled him with his own ideas of superior men, his doctrine being: "The only way to obviate the disastrous predominance of the weak is to develop the strong."

Early in 1939, Lindbergh returned to the U.S. with a message: The real threat lay in the East, and Germany "is as essential as England or France, for she alone can either dam the Asiatic horde or form the spearhead of their penetration into Europe." Anne published a book called *The Wave of the Future*, in which she argued that Germany, Italy and Russia had all somehow leaped onto that wave and never mind the concentration camps. As Anne put it: "The evils we deplore in these systems are not in themselves the future; they are seum on the waves of the future."

So set was Lindbergh against U.S. entry into World War II that he raised the specter of an interventionist conspiracy composed of "the British, the Jews and the Roosevelt Administration," adding remarks about Jewish influence in communications and Government. Naturally, such talk got him into deeper trouble. IWA stopped billing itself as "the Lindbergh Line." President Franklin Roosevelt compared him to a "copperhead." Lindbergh resigned from the Army Air Corps Reserve. His attitude may have been a kind of proud echo. Twenty-four years before, his own Congressman father had denounced World War I with equal vigor (on the ground that it was a conspiracy of the "money trust" ruled by Eastern bankers) and had been similarly reviled. After Pearl Harbor, old rancors seemed lost in the

community of defense, but Roosevelt refused to give him back his commission ("You can't have an officer who thinks we are licked before we start," said a White House aide). Lindbergh had to get into the war some other way, was taken on as a technical consultant for Ford and later United Aircraft. By 1944, he had wrangled his way to the Pacific, and though as a "technical consultant" he was not eligible to fly in combat, squadron commanders generally had an extra plane warmed up on the line for him. Though old at 42, he flew some 50 combat missions. Perhaps more important, he brought his old genius for engineering to bear on the planes he flew, remarkably improving their effectiveness: by fiddling with the throttle settings and prop angle of the P-38s, he was able to extend their range 500 miles.

Since then, Lindbergh has slowly been restored to official favor. Eisenhower formally reinstated him into the Air Force, and promoted him to brigadier general. In his long-time association with Pan Am, he has flown every one of the planes the company has bought, and many it did not buy, on his advice. He has surveyed and helped lay out most of the routes Pan Am flies, functions as President Juan Trippe's confidant and top corporate ambassador. Only two weeks ago, he was in Saigon trying to smooth out Pan Am's mounting troubles with South Viet Nam's Premier Ky.

With the coming of the atom bomb and the rocket, Lindbergh has undergone a sea change of spirit. He obviously misses the simple machines of his youth, when "flying was an art which required the use of the body and all its senses," when the pilot sitting in an open cockpit "felt the freshness of rain, and pulling stubborn engines through kept his muscles in condition." In this new age, Lindbergh wrote, "I have left the godlike power man derives from his machines . . . the immortal viewpoint of the higher air. . . . But I have seen the science I worshipped, and the aircraft I loved destroying the civilization I expected them to serve. . . . To progress, even to survive, we must learn to apply the truths of God to the direction of our science."

In this new humility, Lindbergh has rediscovered a reverence for wildlife that traces back to his farm boyhood in Minnesota. He has become a director of the World Wild Life Fund, works at fund raising and even writes his own pullings letters ("Let us not be a generation recorded in future histories as destroying the irreplaceable inheritance of life formed through eons past"). He continues his interest in medicine, spends a lot of his time in a laboratory at the Navy's medical-research center in Bethesda, Md., working on new equipment with patience and precision.

The Frozen Moment

Lindbergh is still almost pathological about guarding his privacy, though age and a receding hairline have made him almost indistinguishable from other commuters in Darien, Conn., where he has lived in recent years. He has five grown children (three sons, two daughters). Occasionally he appears in Washington's Smithsonian Institution and gazes up at the *Spirit of St. Louis*, dangling there, fragile but painstakingly guarded against rust and oblivion. He is seldom recognized. Yet any associate or friend who talks to a reporter about him is deprived of the light of his countenance. Typically, he refused to have any part in ceremonies celebrating the 40th anniversary of his flight. As a replica of the *Spirit* rose from Le Bourget, Charles A. Lindbergh was beyond radio contact or telephone in a game preserve in Java, hoping to catch a glimpse of a rare species of rhino.

A difficult man. A gifted man. Probably a great man. But certainly a hero. The usual fate of heroes is to be frozen in history at the moment of their triumph. At 65, Lindbergh may find the 25-year-old boy as awkwardly remote as would any other aging hero facing his youth. Yet it is significant that he was able to move on to do other things, live other lives—to be active, useful and himself. The quiet foreground formed by his recent years renders the memory all the brighter: the memory of the youth with the world's imagination in his hands, showing what man is and can become—on his own.

THE WORLD

THE WAR

Demilitarizing the Zone

The Geneva accords of 1954 that separated North and South Vietnam stipulated the creation of a buffer zone between the two countries. No troops were to enter this so-called Demilitarized Zone, which averages three miles in width on either side of the Ben Hai River frontier. Hanoi has long regarded the DMZ as a convenient, protected freeway for infiltrating its soldiers into the South. Flagrant though that violation was, in recent months Hanoi has done far more: it has turned the DMZ into a giant staging area and mortar and artillery base for its buildup against the U.S. Marines facing the zone. In almost a month of continuous fighting just south of the DMZ, the Marines have been repeatedly attacked in force and increasingly hit by round-the-clock, all-too-accurate mortar, rocket and recoilless-rifle fire originating from the DMZ.

Last week, by land, sea and air, the Marines and South Vietnamese hit back in a multifronted, 10,000-man operation, sweeping into the DMZ area south of the border in an effort to drive the North Vietnamese out of it. Five Marine battalions struck from the south toward their own besieged base of Con Thien. A South Vietnamese task force roared northward up Route 1 all the way to the river border, then divided and turned back to push the enemy southward. Due north of Con Thien, a

Marine battalion helicoptered into the DMZ to hammer the North Vietnamese toward the Marines moving north. And in a spectacular amphibious and helicopter assault, two more Marine battalions scuttled in from the South China Sea. Waiting to do battle were two North Vietnamese regiments in the DMZ itself and at least three or four enemy battalions operating south of the zone—some 6,000 Communist soldiers of the estimated 35,000 in the border area.

A Formidable Fleet. Operation Hickory began with the Marine drive from Cam Lo to relieve Con Thien, which has been under almost constant mortar attack since May 8. The terrain favored the dug-in enemy: a dense jungle tangle of banana trees, bamboo, betel-nut and bread-fruit trees in which visibility was seldom more than 15 ft., and fields separated by 10-ft.-high hedgerows. One company was within a mile of Con Thien when it was pinned down by fire from the seemingly deserted village of Trung An. The North Vietnamese had built of logs, trees and dirt an astonishing network of 300 holes throughout Trung An, so well burrowed that even the U.S. bombers' 1,000-pounders and napalm failed to root them out. The leathernecks called up big M-48 tanks to break through the hedgerows and roll right up atop the enemy bunkers.

A second Marine company was sent west to outflank Trung An, and soon was pinned down itself in the village

of An Hoa. The fire was so heavy that rescue and supply choppers were driven off, and soon the Marines were without food or water, sucking bamboo for moisture. A third company finally broke through and managed to pull its casualties back into a nearby church. All that day mortars crashed around it, but none hit the roof. Even so, it was more than 40 hours before enough helicopters could get in to evacuate all the wounded. The next morning, the Marines blew up all the gear and extra ammunition that they could not carry and fought their way clear, carrying their dead in litters. Then the assault continued northward, though some 40% of the Marine force was killed or wounded—many from mortar fire from the DMZ.

The assault on the DMZ itself began on the eve of Ho Chi Minh's 77th birthday. Dawn broke over a formidable invasion fleet steaming slowly off the coast. Two cruisers and five destroyers turned broadside to begin the softening-up bombardment of the shore line in the heaviest concentration of naval gunfire since the Korean War, while the amphibious assault boats swarmed in. Waves of troop-packed helicopters rose from the deck of the carrier *Okinawa*. The amphibious troops and their tanks, tractors and guns came ashore, meeting with little resistance. For the heliborne assault forces, it was another story.

Free Bombing Zone. The first landing zone, Goose, was only a mile south of the Ben Hai River. It was an enemy hornets' nest, and only 75 Marines were unloaded before they came under withering fire. The rest of the Marines sped to the secondary landing zone, Owl, and disembarked easily, but the men at Goose simply dug into the sand dunes on the beach to catch up with them. Then the advancing Marines hit the hole-to-hole kind of fighting that they have become accustomed to in recent weeks. Snipers would begin spitting at the Americans; when the Marines went after them, they turned out to be decoys that led the U.S. troops into machine-gun fire.

• The week's action brought to more than 10,000 the number of Americans who have died in the Viet Nam War.



The Marines not only had an estimated two companies of North Vietnamese to cope with but also the civilians living in the DMZ. Part of Hickory's mission is to remove the estimated 11,000 villagers living in the DMZ and resettle them farther south, thus creating a free bombing zone in the buffer strip; the South Vietnamese force that moved up Route 1 had part of the same mission. The Marine force that helicop- tered in north of Con Thien faced little opposition, but it quickly uncovered proof of Hanoi's plans for a major offensive out of the DMZ: a vast depot of North Vietnamese equipment ranging from rockets, mortars and antitank mines to rice and medical equipment.

Downtown Hanoi. As Hickory continued at week's end, the combined Allied forces had already killed more than 700 North Vietnamese and wounded countless more. Predictably, there were cries of protest over the U.S. incursion into the DMZ: Moscow, for example, called it "dangerous escalation." In fact, the U.S. admitted that Operation Hickory, far from being a long-considered step-up in the war, was rather a tactical and defensive necessity against the threat posed by the sudden North Vietnamese buildup. The U.S. command in Saigon indicated that U.S. forces would not stay in the southern part of the DMZ for more than a few days and pointed out that the Allies had not violated the North Vietnamese portion of the DMZ. But the U.S. also made clear that, to protect Allied troops, it would go back into the DMZ if need be.

For Ho Chi Minh's birthday proper, the U.S. had another surprise: the first purposeful bombing of downtown Hanoi. Carrier-based Navy planes hit the 32,000-kw. power plant only 2,000 yards from the city's center that supplies some 20% of the nation's electricity. Flying through fierce antiaircraft fire, seven U.S. planes went down, and MiGs came up to defend the Communist capital. Four of the Russian jets were shot down in dogfights, and in raids the next day Thailand-based Air Force planes shot down another five MiGs. That brought to 69 the number of MiGs downed over the North.

Singled Out for Terror

Viet Cong terrorism grows ever wider in South Viet Nam. Recognizing the danger posed by the Allied pacification drive to win over and secure the rural villages of South Viet Nam, the Viet Cong are now concentrating on a campaign of terror against the country's 35,600 pacification workers. Since January, they have killed 233 workers, wounded 320 and kidnapped another 42. Last week alone, they killed ten pacification workers, but they were not ignoring the rest of the populace either. In the week that ended May 13, Viet Cong terrorists murdered 85 civilians, wounded 97 and abducted 78.

The reason for the Viet Cong's cam-



DE GAULLE AT PRESS CONFERENCE

Down the narrow channel.

EUROPE

Le Brushoff

Two days after some 50 of the world's nations agreed to the biggest slash of tariff barriers in the history of world trade, France's Charles de Gaulle appeared before a crowded press conference to make the statement that, as far as he was concerned, liberalization had gone far enough. It was his intention, De Gaulle announced, to see to it that the European Common Market continued to restrict its own special trade privileges to its six original European members.

De Gaulle's appearance was his first before the press since Great Britain had formally applied for entry into the Common Market, and the tensions and expectations were high. France's five partners in the Common Market wanted Britain in, and the British were optimistic that De Gaulle would not repeat his 1963 veto. Foreign Secretary George Brown told Parliament two weeks ago: "We expect to get in." Gaullists had even been circulating the word that De Gaulle would not impose another veto.

It took De Gaulle just 20 minutes to demolish the hopes of Britain and his own Common Market partners. In words and tone that were more severe than when he vetoed the British the last time, De Gaulle raised every hurdle he could think of against letting the British in. "For our part, it cannot be, nor was it ever, a question of a veto," said De Gaulle. The problem was rather, he added slyly, how to surmount the obstacles to British entry that Prime Minister Harold Wilson's own "great clear-sightedness and deep experience had characterized as formidable." De Gaulle made it clear that he will oppose British entry and, for that matter, that he takes a dim view even of negotiations. It was one resounding non—on, as the

London Express put it in Franglais: "le brushoff."

Haughty Dismissal. On technical grounds, De Gaulle objected to Britain's imports of cheap foodstuff from the Commonwealth nations, to its restrictions on the export of capital, and to the role of the pound as a reserve currency. Adopting the rules of the Common Market, particularly the agricultural rules, could ruin Britain economically, said De Gaulle. He further objected to tying the fluctuating pound to the now solid currencies of the Common Market members. He insisted that the Market partners would invariably be caught up in the pound's fluctuations and haughtily dismissed as *jeux d'esprit*—mental exercises—Prime Minister Wilson's assurances that Britain would never ask the partners to come to the pound's rescue.

At heart, however, De Gaulle's main objections to British entry were political. He could understand, he said, why Britain had at first refused to join the Common Market; because it "is not Continental, remains involved with the seas beyond" and "is tied to the United States by all sort of special accords." De Gaulle feels that the British see themselves as a world power rather than as a European power—and would therefore pose a distinct threat to France's current dominance of the Common Market. Letting the British in, he said, would force "the Continentals to renounce forever the making of a Europe that would be European."

At Their Peril. Given French self-interest, there was some logic to De Gaulle's view. Britain's entry would make the Common Market's eventual goal—the political as well as economic unity of its members—more difficult to achieve. British entry would probably be followed by the entry of some EFTA nations and would thus both destroy the

exclusivity of the Six and almost certainly lead to what De Gaulle called "numerous revisions" in the charter. De Gaulle fears that British entry might, in fact, be the first irretrievable step toward allowing the whole world in on the Common Market's free-trade advantages, thereby expanding the market into a sort of super Kennedy Round in which all trade barriers everywhere would be thrown away.

De Gaulle thus chose to pilot the Common Market down the narrow channel of European protectionism rather than onto the broad ocean of economic cooperation. The economic theories that have intrigued and invigorated the Western world ever since the end of World War II have mostly pointed to precisely the condition of universal trade that De Gaulle seems to fear. "Those who resist change," said a disappointed Prime Minister Wilson last week, "do so at their own peril."

No Reservations. For its part, Britain intends to press right ahead in the hope that it can at least get negotiations going. Though De Gaulle spoke of British "conditions" and "reservations" about entering the Common Market, Britain's application was intentionally drafted as the simplest possible document, without a single reservation annexed. Despite the delay that De Gaulle can enforce, Britain considers its entry into the Common Market an inevitability: Charles de Gaulle is, after all, 76, and the British reason that his successor must be different, as were the successors of Napoleon I and Napoleon III. The British are so confident that they will eventually join that British leaders are urging farmers and industrialists to begin making preparations and adaptations that will be necessary for the tie-up. The British figure that they have a few years in which to wait and prepare—but not much more.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Sound & Fury

The Middle East has undergone so many Arab-Israeli alarms since Israel became a state 19 years ago that even the antagonists often find it difficult to take one another seriously. They huff and they puff, they bluster and threaten, they move troops around like toy soldiers, but—with the single tragic exception of the war over Suez in 1956—their bravado has rarely amounted to more than local skirmishes. Last week the area once more seemed on the brink of disaster—and this time the huffing and puffing was more serious. In the closest that Israel and the Arab countries have come to all-out war since Suez, armies everywhere were moving across the sea, seared sands of the Middle East.

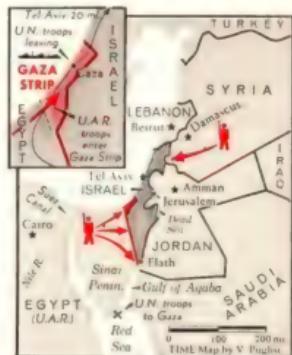
Syria's radical Baathist regime sent its tanks southward to back up troops already massed along the Israeli border, mobilized its untrained "People's Army" to back up the tanks and ordered students to form 150-man "battalions" to back up the army. The armed forces of Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and tiny Kuwait were placed on combat alert. Egypt called up its 100,000-man reserves, drafted half a million students into a civil defense corps and warned all doctors, hospitals and pharmacies to be ready for emergency duties. Israeli cities were strangely empty, just as they had been on the eve of the Suez campaign: most able-bodied men had been called to their reserve units and were manning guns and tanks on the country's borders.

The most ominous move of all came along the 117-mile Sinai desert frontier between Israel and Egypt. Ever since Suez, the frontier has been guarded by a 3,400-man United Nations peace-keeping force whose only assignment has been to keep the two hostile nations from each other's throats. Last week Gamal Abdel Nasser ordered the U.N. troops to withdraw—"for their own protection"—not only from the



EGYPTIAN TANKS MASSING IN SINAI DESERT

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border but from Egyptian soil entirely. Into their positions moved an Egyptian force estimated at 60,000 men, including one armored and four infantry divisions. It was the first time in ten years that Egyptian and Israeli troops had been in each other's gun sights, and it came at a time when the Arab-Israeli conflict, charged on both sides with the emotions of a holy war, had reached the flash point of hysteria. To U.N. Secretary General U Thant, the situation was "more menacing than at any time since the fall of 1956." At week's end he planned to fly to Cairo to try and ease the tensions.

Bad Pupils. Both sides are responsible for the present crisis. Israel has never seriously tried to make peace with the Arabs, from whose land it was carved. The Arabs have never admitted Israel's right to exist. Instead, both sides have engaged in border terrorism that has only served to deepen the hatred between them. Last November, in reprisal for guerrilla raids, Israeli tanks whipped into Jordan—one of its least aggressive neighbors—and shot up a town. Only a month ago, the Israeli air force flew into Syria—which trains and finances most Arab "commando" units—and shot down six enemy MIG-21s.

Both raids were extremely embarrassing to Nasser in his self-appointed role as protector of the Arab world. But they failed to stop Arab terrorist operations, which by last month had risen to an average of four incidents a day. "The Syrians are not good pupils," said Israel's army chief of staff, Yitzhak Rabin. "They do not learn from their mistakes." Unless the terrorism stopped immediately, warned Premier Levi Eshkol at the beginning of last week, "we may have to adopt measures no less drastic than those of April."

Telegraphic Punch. To the Damascus regime, Eshkol's meaning was all too clear. Syria declared a state of emergency, instructed its ambassador to the U.N., George Tomeh, to announce that "Syria expects an attack from Israel"—and demanded that Nasser come to its rescue. Nasser has no desire to take on the powerful Israeli army, which he knows is more than a match for all the Arab forces combined. His military interests, furthermore, lie not in Israel but in Yemen and in the South Arabian Federation, which is due to receive its independence from Britain next year. Despite his reluctance, however, Nasser had no choice but to respond to the Syrian S.O.S.—or lose what little prestige he still has as the leader of the Arab left.

For all the sound and fury, there was little chance of a calculated explosion in the Middle East. If Israel planned a strike against Syria, it had lost its chance by telegraphing its punch. Both sides, in fact, were making it plain that they would move only if the enemy moved first. It was nevertheless a dangerous situation. All along the Israeli frontier, any trigger-happy soldier on either side could start a major conflagra-

tion. In the Gaza Strip, Ahmed Shukairy, the fire-eating boss of the Palestine Liberation Organization—which has nothing to lose and everything to gain from a war with Israel—announced that commando raids on Israel would continue unabated. In the air, with the fighter pilots of Israel, Egypt and Syria on constant patrol, the dangers were perhaps even greater. The Israeli air force last week even fired warning shots at the white U.N. command plane of Major General Indar Jit Rikhye as it made a short hop within the Gaza Strip, claiming that it had violated Israeli air space.

residence of Governor Sir David Trench, 51, Hong Kong police politely waved the Red auto to a lot marked "Official Petitioners' Car Park." Sir David refused to receive any delegations from the demonstrators, ordered the gate left ajar so that petitions could be passed through. He reported that he was not a bit disturbed by the constant cacophony, but allowed that his poodle Peter had become so unnerved that he had to be packed off to an animal shelter.

Ominous Ultimatum. No one knew whether Peking had actually instigated the initial flare-up, or whether it had been started by overzealous local



PRO-PEKING DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN HONG KONG
So tough on Peter the poodle.

HONG KONG

Mao-Think v. the Stiff Upper Lip

For the past nine months, as Red China writhed in the grasp of Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Hong Kong has been the chief watching point for the outside world. Last week the British Crown Colony suddenly lost its spectator status. From the colony's teeming Kowloon district, thousands of pro-Maoist Chinese poured into the streets to harass Hong Kong's British rulers with the same harsh tactics that Mao's Red Guards have used on their enemies within Red China.

The trouble, which started at a plastic-flower plant in the northeastern part of Kowloon, quickly blossomed into the most prolonged disturbances in the colony's postwar history. Mobs of three or four thousand teen-age boys, usually led by older youths who wore Mao Tse-tung emblems on their shirts and waved the little red book of Mao's sayings, stoned hotels, overturned autos, set fire to a double-decker bus, and showered bottles on the police.

The British reacted with extraordinary cool. When 2,500 or so more orderly demonstrators headed on foot and by car to Government House, the

Communists. Once the trouble began, however, Red China helped to keep it going. The British chargé d'affaires in Peking was summoned to the Foreign Ministry for a dressing-down that was severe even by Peking's hysterical standards. The British in Hong Kong, charged Red China, were committing "barbarous fascist atrocities," and were in collusion with the "U.S. imperialists" to escalate the war in Viet Nam.

Red China then issued a five-point ultimatum ordering that Britain: 1) accept the demands put forward by the Chinese workers in Hong Kong; 2) stop all "fascist measures"; 3) free all who were arrested; 4) punish the police who made the arrests and compensate the "victims" for time in jail, and 5) pledge that similar incidents would not happen again. To keep the pressure on, crowds ransacked the home of the British consul in Shanghai; a "support Hong Kong" parade was held in Canton, and a monster rally of 100,000 turned out in Peking.

The demands were almost identical to the ones that Peking last December served on Lisbon to force the Portuguese to surrender *de facto* control of Macao to local Matins. The British decided to be tough. Hong Kong's 10,000

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well-disciplined police kept the mass of the rioters confined to two areas in Kowloon, arrested more than 400, Whitehall refused to dignify the Red Chinese demands with an answer. Instead, the British Commonwealth Office pledged that law and order would be maintained in the colony. Faced with this determination, Peking seemed to back off a bit. At week's end, though, mobs took to the streets again, roughing up newsmen, shouting Maoism in front of the U.S. consulate, and painting Communists slogans on buildings.

Mutual Dependence. Britain wants to hold onto Hong Kong to protect its vast investments and to retain a Far Eastern headquarters for British banking and trade interests. It also does not know how it could gracefully withdraw from Hong Kong under the present circumstances without totally losing face in the Orient. In recent years, Red China has been building up its influence in the Crown Colony, and Britain has been too afraid of offending its overpowering neighbor to do anything about it. As a result, about one-fifth of the colony's Chinese, who make up 99% of the 4,000,000 population, are openly pro-Peking, and the rest play it safe. Red China commands the support of three of Hong Kong's major daily newspapers, the most important labor unions, and a large number of schoolteachers, which is one reason a high proportion of young Chinese in Hong Kong are Maoists.

Even without Peking's infiltration, the colony is at the mercy of the mainland. Hong Kong depends on Red China for 47% of its water and for nearly all its food and building materials. Red China, in turn, is considerably dependent on Hong Kong. Its sales to Hong Kong each year bring in the \$500 million in hard currency that it needs to pay for its own imports of wheat from Australia and Canada. So far, the Red Chinese have been careful not to interfere with this golden flow: Hong Kong hoped last week that the riots were a reminder of its ties to Red China rather than a full-scale attack on the colony's independence from it.

ALBANIA

Lock on the Door

A massive timber gate and electrified barbed-wire fence block the road between Yugoslavia and Albania—respectively, the most accessible and least accessible nations in the Communist world today. Armed guards on the Albanian side open the gate for authorized visitors, then bolt it behind them with a heavy padlock. Last week Roland Flamini of TIME's Vienna bureau, traveling as a "businessman" on a British passport, flew to Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia, where he joined a guided tour that took him to Albania for a two-day visit. His report:

Though neighboring Yugoslavia has abolished visas altogether, the Albanian People's Republic continues to maintain a studiously calculated atmosphere

ROBERT L. KLEIN



STALIN LOOMING OVER TIRANA
High price for a medieval habit.

of siege. It has revived the medieval habit of closing down for the night; the open hours are from 5 a.m. to 5 p.m. The ever-present Albanian guide, reading from a slightly greasy notebook, explains to visitors that the electric border fence is there to keep Albanian animals from straying into Yugoslavia.

Inside the fence is a minute, mountainous country of 11,000 sq. mi. and 1,800,000 people, poor in living conditions, rich in anachronisms and completely alone in its bizarre comradeship with Red China, which began in 1961. That was the year that Russia broke with Albania because of Albania's support of Red China in the Moscow-Peking feud; Red China, in turn, quickly stepped in with a life-saving \$125 million in credits. "Now," remarked an Italian businessman in the capital of Tirana, "the Chinese are here to stay, and stay, and stay." Fully 70% of the country's foreign trade is with Red China. Chinese movies are shown in the cinemas. Some 7,000 Chinese tractors plow Albania's collective farms. At noon every day in Tirana, Chinese delegations can be seen leaving ministries and official buildings, and boarding special buses with curtained windows to take them to a guarded villa overlooking the city.

Propaganda Tableau. Albania is using its own version of Mao Tse-tung's Cultural Revolution to galvanize its lethargic citizens, and portraits of Mao and Party Boss Enver Hoxha hang side by side in shops and offices. Wall posters criticize laggard factory managers and party officials, women's high heels and short dresses, and everyone who dodges

classes. Like a propaganda tableau out of Red China, party members and intellectuals gather in the fields against a majestic background of snow-capped mountains, reading Hoxha's thoughts to the toiling farmers and spurring them on to greater productivity. Other workers trudge along country roads to rifle practice with flowers sticking out of the muzzles of their guns.

The Albanian Cultural Revolution, however, differs in one major respect from its Red Chinese model. Whereas the Maoists are trying to erase their cultural past, the Albanians are stressing the importance of theirs. Castles and other buildings have been declared "national monuments." Such quaint old towns as Berat and Gjinokaster have been made "museum cities." There, as they have for decades, leather-clad peasants in white fezzes and baggy black trousers shuffle through narrow whitewashed streets or huddle in local cafés, sipping muddy Turkish coffee. In the fields outside of town, women still wear brightly ornamented costumes.

There can be few regions outside the tropics where so many gorgeous displays of flowers, fruit and foliage bloom in such casual profusion. The Albanians are gradually enlarging and renovating existing hotels and building new ones to more exacting Western standards of comfort with an eye to eventually attracting more Western tourists. But so far, Albania lets in only a dribble of outsiders each year and carefully screens them: U.S. citizens and those of Greece, with whom Albania is technically still at war, are automatically barred from entry. They would probably feel uncomfortable anyway. In every town and village stand the real symbols of Albania's hard-lining Communism: numerous statues and busts of the canonized Joseph Stalin.

Painful Shortages. Painfully short of consumer goods, many shopkeepers simply decorate their windows with the ubiquitous portraits of Mao or Hoxha. Whatever hazards may await the Western traveler, he can be fairly certain of one thing: he will never be run over. Only one of every 10,000 Albanians owns a car, and traffic is practically nonexistent. As a result, people stroll down the center of empty boulevards; Tirana is the only city in Albania with traffic cops, who stand idly at crossroads, waiting for the occasional passing car.

Hoxha is making a determined effort to improve things. Last year, with Chinese help, industrial production climbed 12%, agricultural production 8.3% and overall national income 10.7%. Hoxha sent thousands of "Red Guards" into the mountains a few months ago to increase the amount of arable land, has launched a national drive to have Albanians plant and eat more potatoes. He has discreetly stepped up trade with Yugoslavia and Greece, both of which he continues to vilify. For all that, Albania has a very long distance to go before it gets even near the 20th century. An Albanian farmer earns only



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The neighborhood is still good.

If this street looks familiar, it's because you've seen it before. Either in your own town or some place you've driven through.

It's not a slum street. It's just a street that has grown old and is showing its age.

Eventually something's going to have to be done about it. But what? Urban renewal, of course, is one answer. But urban renewal can sometimes become urban removal. Because the tenants have to be relocated before the renewal work can begin.

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The people themselves can improve their homes. Through the use of relatively inexpensive materials like aluminum. And that's where Olin comes in.

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Obviously, none of these products have gone into the houses you see above. But let's hope that someday soon they will. Because if the houses aren't raised to the level of the neighborhood, the neighborhood may ultimately be lowered to the level of the houses.

Olin

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lose its taste as the ice cubes melt. Four Roses doesn't. Because of our special castler method of distillation. The result is a lovely liquid that swallows light, yet doesn't get swallowed up.

\$32 a month; small locally manufactured radios cost \$76. Worst of all is the high cost of Communism in terms of lost freedom, for which Albanians are still paying the highest price.

GREAT BRITAIN

The King Who Was

Blond, handsome and worldly, Edward VIII would have been a resplendent king in any age. In the darkling world of Depression England, he came to the British throne on Jan. 20, 1936 trailing a special kind of glory. World War I and service in France had given the winsome Edward a rare chance as Prince of Wales to mingle with all manner of his future subjects—and they with him. After the war, he traveled the world on a series of triumphal grand tours from Africa to India to the U.S. and New Zealand—representing his father, who ruled the mightiest empire ever assembled.

An expert horseman and huntsman, Edward learned to fly, to surf—and to swing, which in those days was called belonging to the "gay" set. In the whirling world of the '20s, whatever the prince wore became instant fashion: he popularized plus fours, decorative woolen sweaters, midnight blue tailcoats, turtleneck jackets and oversized knots in neckties. Aged 41 when he became king, he had long been the most eligible British bachelor since King Arthur. A near-worshiping public chanted the popular song: "I know a girl who knows a girl who danced with the Prince of Wales." But as all the world now knows, five years before Edward became king, he had danced with a divorced American woman, Bessie Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson, and lost his heart. Only 326 days after he ascended the throne, Edward VIII gave it up for "the woman I love," married her and remanded himself and his bride to exiled history as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

A Club Bungalow. This week the duke and duchess attend the royal première in the U.S. of *A King's Story*, a documentary film of Edward's life culminating in the abdication crisis that shook an empire. It is a sentimental film, but it could hardly be otherwise, dealing as it does with the most romantic gesture of the 20th century. Next week the duke and his duchess will celebrate the 30th anniversary of their marriage, by every evidence still as devoted to each other as on the June day when they were wed in a friend's château in France. Queen Elizabeth has invited them to Marlborough House next month to attend the unveiling of a plaque dedicated to Edward's mother, Queen Mary—the first official recognition ever extended the duchess by Buckingham Palace. Ironically, Queen Mary was unforgiving all her life of the woman she described as "an adventuress"—and never met.

As exiles over the years the Windsors have created a life for themselves that anyone not to a castle born might

well envy. In effect, they have mastered the art of doing nothing—and doing it very well. Like the birds of the air, they undertake a seasonal migration over a most unrelenting course. In Paris, their primary base, they rent from the city a handsome villa on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne, where Charles de Gaulle lived as Premier just after World War II. Now it is filled with the superb and costly bibelots that the duke inherited from his ancestors. For weekends and warm weather, the Windsors have rebuilt as a country house an old mill in the valley of the Chevreuse near Paris. There the duke is most at home, working alongside three professional gardeners among his flowers or walking his pugs in the countryside. In February or March, the Windsors sail

the duchess' secretary down to an electrician-mechanic. "I call the duchess the cruise director," the duke explained last week to TIME Correspondent Bonnie Angelo. "She runs everything. The house is the ship." The duke's role on their perpetual cruise ship? "He's the content traveler," said the duchess, to which the duke replied: "I'm also the exchequer, the purser." As purser, the duke spends each morning discussing their financial affairs with his agents and reading the stock-market tables himself. Afternoons, on a seasonable day, the duke heads for the golf course the once shot in the 80s; he whimsically says that he really wishes he had been born a golf pro.

The Windsors belong to the jet set's predecessor, the international set, where

HENRY GROSSMAN



WINDSORS AT HOME IN MANHATTAN'S WALDORF TOWERS
Seasonal migrations along an unrelenting course.

for New York, where they rent an apartment in the Waldorf Towers. Part of their U.S. sojourn is spent in lending their immense prestige to charity balls and functions in New York, part in Florida in the homes of old friends who have often given the balls.

In late spring, it is back to Paris briefly, then down to a rented villa on the Riviera or, of recent years, to a bungalow at Marbella on the Spanish Costa del Sol. Autumn used to be reserved for hunting weekends, but since an eye operation in 1965, the duke no longer shoots. The duke and duchess give and go to small dinner parties with such friends as the Eugène de Rothschilds, sometimes attend the theater or ballet on gala occasions. Each December they slip into London, where they stay at Claridge's, for Christmas shopping, returning to Paris for the Christmas party of their household staff.

A Deplorable Event. The Windsor staff has the job of maintaining the duke's life in nearly the manner to which he was accustomed from birth. On the subject of service, the duke likes to quote his father's maxim that getting things done on a royal standard requires a man and a half for every job. For the Windsors' movable household, that means some 20 people, from

old old money need apply and natural grounding in elegant living is *de rigueur*. Within its gracious confines, the duke and duchess are automatically the guests of honor at any party they attend, as though he were still king. It is a circle of friends that dates back to the '20s, and each year its number is shrunk by death. Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook are gone, and so are Viscount Monckton, who negotiated the terms of Edward's abdication, and New York Central Board Chairman Robert Young, the invariable Florida host of the duke and duchess.

Though Windsor asserts that he has "never, ever once" regretted giving up all for love, it rankles him that his royal successors and British governments have not made more use of him in exile. His lone service to the crown was as Governor-General of the Bahamas during World War II. Afterward, he privately applied for a job as roving ambassador to the U.S., whose ways he clearly finds congenial. He once remarked that he envied his old friend Winston Churchill for his half-quotient of American blood. He is now working on a biography of George III, who reigned during the American Revolution—a "deplorable event" that, the duke says, the book is really about.

PEOPLE

"The setup is this: we're selling 600 memberships at \$25,000 apiece. That's 15 million bucks, which is what it will take to build the golf course. Anybody can join—white, Negro, Catholic, Jew, Italian. What we're looking for is young people on the go, not just actors but doctors, lawyers, people from every walk of life. I got nothing against old people, but they just don't make for a lively atmosphere at a golf club." He isn't kidding. The mountains above Beverly Hills are being graded, and when the 18-hole Beverly Hills Country Club course is finished in 1969, he fully expects that 600 young Negroes, Jews and Italians from all walks of life will have coughed up their \$25,000 apiece to play golf. After all, with **Dean Martin**, 49, set to be their president, who could afford to say no?

Majestic as a ship on the line, Dramatic Soprano **Eileen Farrell**, 47, cruised through an aria from *Lu Gioconda* as she neared the end of a concert at Atlanta's Municipal Auditorium. Suddenly the mighty voice quit cold. "You wouldn't believe it, but I've forgotten it," blurted Eileen to the audience. By the time the laughter died, her memory had recharged itself, and she finished the aria to a cataract of applause. Later, she bemusedly recalled the contretemps that had built up to her monumental blank. "The programs were printed incorrectly. The weather was 90° and I could have died. They'd just painted my dressing room and my eyes were watering. And all of a sudden—blank!—I couldn't remember the song."

Ordinarily, General Motors Chairman **Fred Donner** keeps his wit to himself. Last week, after Donner and G.M. President James M. Roche delivered their annual state-of-the-company report to stockholders, the chairman was needled by critics about the size of his salary and bonus (a total \$790,000 last year).

Donner coolly noted that the bonus fluctuates with his company's fortunes but that the salary, alas, hasn't changed from its \$200,000 annually in almost nine years. "So I have the distinction of being the only employee without a pay raise since 1958." While the stockholders laughed, Donner added: "But I'm not complaining."

There must be 500 miniskirts swirling around when this longhair composer David Amram sits in with the band to blow *I'm Coming, Virginia* on the French horn. And there's Allen Ginsberg gassing pretty good with Arthur Miller at a table in the corner, and Norman Mailer won't shut up about his friend José Torres, the light-heavyweight fighter who keeps losing. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wants to shut up about



MAMIE & PORTRAIT OF IKE
Grand past.

identical memorabilia, photographs, portraits—and 80 of his own paintings. Ike's own celebration took place later in the week when he left Walter Reed Hospital, feeling chipper enough, he said, to think about accepting President Johnson's suggestion that he undertake a goodwill tour of Southeast Asia.

"I remember being in a blind rage as I was emerging from the anesthetic. I was hearing some loud noise, which I later discovered to be the sheet rubbing against my bandage." For more than 25 years prior to the operation two months ago, Musical Comedy Star **Nonette Fabray**, 46, would have been lucky to hear a bulldozer rubbing against a slate wall. A gradually worsening case of otosclerosis, a fusing of the ear's tiny vibrating bones, had forced her to resort to a hearing aid even while performing. Now plumper in her left ear (her right is still afflicted), she spends ten to 20 hours a week speaking "any place they ask me" and serving on the boards of the New York League for the Hard of Hearing and the U.C.L.A. Hope for Hearing Foundation.



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Cool blast.

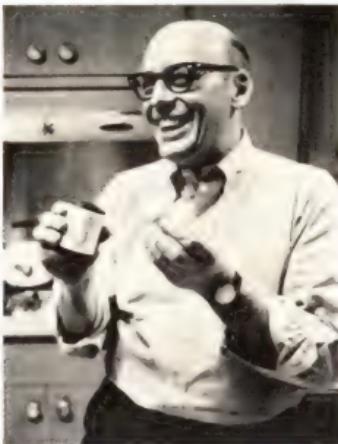
Việt Nam but they bug him with it. And there's Charles Addams and David Merrick and maybe a thousand other names all jammed in this Manhattan cellar raising money for the *Paris Review*, which practically none of them reads but which **George Plimpton**, 46, edits when he is not sparring with Archie Moore or playing football and writing books like *Paper Lion*. "Everything George touches turns to gold," says one writer, looking around. "That's why I hate him."

Guest of Honor **Dwight Eisenhower**, 76, was recuperating from a gastro-intestinal ailment in Washington, but his presence certainly saturated two floors of Manhattan's Gallery of Modern Art. Ike's wife Mamie led a cumbustion of 800 family members, friends and political and military colleagues through a preview tour of "The Memorable Eisenhower Years," the most exhaustive chronological display ever assembled of his boyhood mementos, battle gear, pres-



ROCHE & DONNER
Deft touch.

Kenya's newest and highest official honor, the Order of the Golden Heart, a gold medal depicting a lion against a background of snow-capped Mount Kenya, will certainly be worn with pride by the 50 Kenyans who have earned first-class membership by their "most conspicuous, outstanding and special service" to the republic. But no one is likely to derive greater satisfaction from the new order than the founder himself, who from now on will answer to the resounding title of **His Excellency the Honorable Mzee Jomo Kenyatta, Member of Parliament and President of Kenya, Chief of the Order of the Golden Heart of Kenya**—sobering only a few credits shorter than that of his old friend, His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, King of Kings, King of Zion, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Branch of the Tree of Solomon, and Implement of the Holy Trinity.



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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

A Break for Lonely Losers

Upward Bound is the federal antipoverty program's teen-age counterpart of the preschool Head Start program. Now two years old, it has taken 20,000 high school students whose grades failed to match their ability, sent them to 220 college campuses for summertime remedial work in an attempt to prepare more children from low-income families for a college education. One survey of the 1965 summer group shows that 80% did enter college and only 23% failed to finish their first year—roughly the average freshman-class dropout rate. The program, says the Office of Eco-

ter grade average was 1.8, and most were placed on probation. Jim Shoaf, who would like to become a jet pilot, is one of those on probation, seems more interested in his motorcycle than in his studies. A Negro girl stared at the Fs on her report card, ran to her dormitory room and attempted suicide.

Yet 36 of the 50 seem certain to finish the year, although about a dozen are still on probation, and others regard the program with ghetto-bred cynicism. One of the brightest, but most belligerent white boys, calls the project "kindergarten for grown-up kiddies—Mouseketeer meetings, all that conforming jazz." He says he wants to make it "on my own," hopes to transfer to

students consider the experience their first real break in life. A few are making top grades, and two were elected to campus office. Walter Smith, a budding sculptor, has also been inspired to start a novel. Warren Shale, a Quinault Indian, shows promise in art. "I love it, love every day of it," says Michael George, a Seattle Negro. "We'll live a better life. That's what they tell us, and we believe them—oh, we believe them." Even those who do not complete college have been lifted by the project. "They'll read things they've never read before, see things in their lives they wouldn't have seen otherwise," predicts Mrs. Antonia Shular, assistant director of Project Overcome. Agrees one of the boys: "I realize how lonely my world is—but now I can help myself."



SHOAF



BACANI



SHALE



SMITH



GEORGE

Through the looking glass to another world.

nomic Opportunity's Sargent Shriver, has been "surprisingly effective."

The success is not universal. Colleges were allowed to plan their own programs, and OEO officials concede that some bungled the job. One project in San Francisco, for example, fell apart when it took in too many Negro "black power" advocates. Moreover, even the most imaginative ventures in precollege training have had their moments of pain and anxiety for the Upward Bounders. The program's national director, Richard T. Frost, argues that such disappointments and failures were inevitable in an experiment dealing with what he calls "the losers," whose intelligence is often indicated by how imaginative they are in getting into trouble."

Panic. One of Upward Bound's more successful programs is Western Washington State's Project Overcome, which carefully guided 50 teen-agers, about one-third of them Negroes, through two pleasant summers in Bellingham before inviting them to join the 5,400 regular students on campus last fall. After the cozy summer tutoring in such basic subjects as reading, history and math, most of the 50 panicked amid the confusion of registration and the difficulty of lengthy reading assignments. An Indian girl took one look at the teeming campus, grabbed the next bus to her home in Yakima, 234 miles away, and had to be coaxed back. The group's first-quar-

Southern Cal. Youths from the Negro ghettos have had the roughest time adjusting, partly because nearly all-white Bellingham is strange to them. Concedes one faculty adviser: "Bellingham at night, when the time comes for recreation, is no place for a Negro."

Self-conscious about their status as "P.O." (Project Overcome) kids, the students have clung together, taken over the college's Viking Union music room as their own. "In classes I feel like I'm labeled from Project Overcome," explains Berinda Bacani. "I'm not supposed to know anything—it just hangs on me, and I can't speak out." The label also sets the students apart when they return to the ghetto. "Your old friends don't shut you out completely, but your status has changed," says Michael George. "When I talk to them and a question comes up, they say, 'Let's ask Mr. College.' They put you up there where you don't want to be—all alone."

"**I Love It.**" Returning home, some project students have come up against a familiar and classic problem of higher education: parents who seem to resent the rising hopes of their children. One Negro boy recalled: "I couldn't seem to talk with my mother and father. It was like being on the wrong side of a looking glass. I could hear them and see them and they me, but I couldn't touch them."

Despite the pain, most of the project

COLLEGES

Barnard Looks West

Barnard College, the feminine affiliate of Manhattan's Columbia University, last week picked a former Kansas farm girl as its new president. Martha Elizabeth Peterson, 50, who has been successfully contending with the problem of 53,000 students on the 13 campuses of the University of Wisconsin as dean for student affairs, will turn her administrative talents to guiding the 1,800 Barnard girls next fall. She succeeds Rosemary Park, who is moving to UCLA to become vice chancellor for educational planning—and also to rejoin her husband, UCLA Greek Professor Milton Anastos.

The idea of moving East, Miss Peterson concedes, makes her feel "like a latter-day Abe Lincoln coming out of the wilderness."

Self-described as "a healthy-looking Scandinavian," she grew up near Salina, Kans., earned three degrees, including a doctorate in educational psychology, and a Phi Beta Kappa key from the University of Kansas. A Kansas high school teacher, then a math instructor at the university, Miss Peterson served as dean of women at both Kansas and Wisconsin before becoming Wisconsin President Fred Harrington's special assistant and university dean for student affairs in 1963. At Wisconsin, she is

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MARTHA PETERSON
For a rule of ever-change.

widely respected as a champion of student rights. "It's remarkable how we can discuss policy for the university and forget how that policy will affect students," Harrington notes, "but Martha never forgets."

A flexible administrator who contends that regulations must grow out of ever-changing situations, Martha Peterson applauds students who question policy—even some of those who engage in organized protest. But she draws the line when such activity "interferes with the rights of other students who want to continue with their work." The possibility that there might be more problems with marijuana, sex, and even miniskirts in Manhattan than in Madison does not frighten her. "I am sure that there will always be something unusual happening," she says. "I'd be disappointed if it didn't." As for miniskirts, Miss Peterson (5 ft. 9 in.) says, "I like to see them on others, but I don't think they're for me."

UNIVERSITIES

And Now, Princetonians?

Two more of the nation's top private colleges are following the trend toward coeducation (TIME, May 5). Last week President Ruth M. Adams of all-girl Wellesley College and Howard W. Johnson, president of M.I.T., announced a new five-year experimental program in academic cooperation that will permit students to take courses at either institution beginning in 1968. Despite the academic interchange, which presumably will become permanent, the two educators stressed that the schools intend to retain their "own character, tradition and autonomy."

Although "no specific choice" has yet been made, Princeton President Robert Coheen told the Daily Princetonian that "it is inevitable" that the university will

go coed within a few years. Two options open to Princeton are either to affiliate with an existing women's college or to start its own "coordinate" women's division.

The Affluent Miniversity

At a time when most private colleges are struggling to find the funds just to keep alive, Connecticut's Wesleyan University has a most unusual problem: it has more money than it can spend—and thus has the cash to experiment with projects that can make it a better place to teach and learn.

The relative affluence of Wesleyan, a Methodist-founded, all-male university with only 1,240 undergraduates and four Ph.D. programs, stems from the shrewd investment practices of its recent trustees. In 1953, they took an endowment of \$18.2 million and have since built it up to \$70 million, mainly by investing heavily in insurance stocks—no surprise, since some of the trustees were Hartford insurance executives.

They also spent \$8.6 million in 1949 to acquire American Education Publications, publishers of a grade school current-events pamphlet, *My Weekly Reader*, which soon expanded to 13 school periodicals with a circulation of 16.5 million, netting the university \$28.5 million. The press was sold in 1965 to the Xerox Corp. for 400,000 shares of stock then worth \$56 million. Wesleyan has since netted \$63 million by selling 300,000 of the Xerox shares. The school's endowment of \$161 million breaks down to \$130,000 per student.

Rebuilding a River Port. With that backing, Wesleyan can afford to try out new ideas. It is pumping \$3,000,000 into a development company to help rebuild its home community of Middletown, a once busy river port with declining industries and fading neighborhoods. One project will be a model community to be built on nearby farmland, which Wesleyan hopes will make the area more attractive to recruitable professors. Wesleyan also gives about half of its students financial help in meeting the \$3,350 annual cost of attending school; next fall 37 Negroes—10% of the freshman class—will be admitted on full scholarships.

Under retiring President Victor L. Butterfield, Wesleyan's "College Plan" has accentuated independent study for undergraduates. Similarly, Wesleyan's freewheeling Ph.D. programs (in biology, physics, math and world music) allow students to ground themselves broadly in the liberal arts, combatting complaints of the stifling specialization of most doctoral studies.

Also highly flexible is Wesleyan's Center for Advanced Studies, at which such invited fellows as Britain's Author-Scientist C. P. Snow, former White House Aide Richard Goodwin and William Manchester (*The Death of a President*) get ample stipends (up to \$15,000, plus housing) with only one vague appeal to conscience: "They are invited

to participate, to an extent consistent with their plans for their own work, in the ongoing work of the university." Snow confined himself to two lectures during his one semester at Middletown. His wife, Pamela Hansford Johnson, who was also a center fellow, used the time to write a novel (*Night and Silence Who Is Here?*) chiding the collegiate practice of collecting big-name scholars in centers for advanced studies.

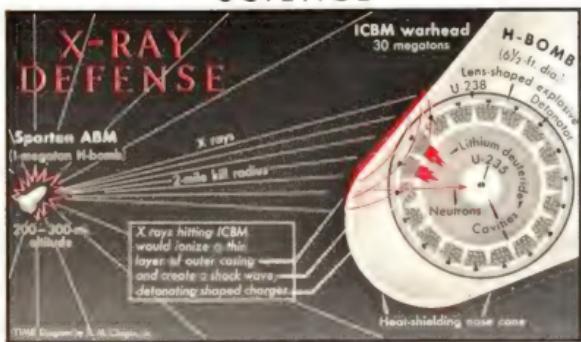
Off the Shelf. Wesleyan gives its students plenty of say in deciding what the university's future will be. Two students serve on the school's permanent educational-policy committee, a group Butterfield calls "the key to change." Three students are helping incoming President Edwin Etherington, former head of the American Stock Exchange (TIME, July 22), on a study of education policies and programs. A student committee on university development offers advice on campus construction plans. Wesleyan undergraduates also rate their professors. And their voices are not ignored: when Senior Dave Egger objected to administration plans to build a hockey rink before erecting a needed gymnasium, he rounded up 546 students' signatures on a petition. Thanks to his protest, the plans are being reconsidered.

Where, with all its money, is Wesleyan heading? Etherington hopes that all of the planning committees and consultants will come up with a variety of options. Wesleyan might go coed, develop new graduate studies, add law or medical schools, or reach out to expand its community services. Whatever the eventual choices, Wesleyan can afford to take its time. Says Etherington, with comfortable and enviable assurance: "The worst way to spend money is to buy the first thing off the shelf."



ETHERINGTON WITH STUDENT
Voices to be heard.

SCIENCE



NUCLEAR PHYSICS

How to Zap an ICBM

After years of sophisticated underground nuclear tests in Nevada, U.S. weapons scientists are confident that they have finally conceived an anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system that can be effective. Sidestepping the complex problem of directly intercepting an attacking 17,000-m.p.h. intercontinental ballistic missile with a defensive missile—a feat equivalent to hitting a flying bullet with another bullet—they have designed a system that will use great bursts of X rays from exploding nuclear warheads to destroy enemy missiles at a distance.

To increase the intensity of X rays produced by a nuclear explosion, physicists can reduce the amount of uranium 238 in the outer layer of ABM warheads and add more tritium, which raises the temperature of the blast, to the fissionable material. As a result, nearly 80% of the energy released by the explosion of the new warheads, believed to be in the one-megaton range, is in the form of high-energy X rays. To extend the lethal range of these rays, which are quickly absorbed or attenuated when traveling through air, the ABM warhead will be carried high above the atmosphere by the new Spartan missile and exploded in space in the vicinity of incoming ICBMs.

Plasma Sheath. During the brief instant of the nuclear explosion (which lasts only five ten-millionths of a second), X rays traveling at the speed of light emanate from the center of the blast. Although their effect diminishes sharply at increasing distances even in the vacuum of space, the X rays from a one-megaton blast are intense enough to destroy an ICBM caught within a sphere extending two miles from the exploding ABM warhead.

An ICBM two miles from the blast will receive only one-quarter of the X-ray energy that hits a missile one mile away. At a distance of three miles, the impacting X-ray energy will be only one-ninth as large.

Striking the ICBM, X rays instantaneously ionize a thin layer of its outer casing, causing the formation of a sheath of hot gas, or plasma. But only a small portion of X-ray energy is used to form the plasma sheath. Most of the remainder is converted into a shock wave that races through the missile. At a distance of two miles, the impact of the shock wave on a 63-in. dia. 30-megaton warhead would be equivalent to the explosion of 2 or 3 lbs. of TNT within the missile, which may be enough to set off some of the lens-shaped charges of conventional explosives inside (see diagram). These, in turn, would cause the remaining lens-shaped explosives to detonate. Because all of the conventional charges would not explode simultaneously, as they are designed to do, the resulting implosion would not be uniform enough to start a critical reaction in the core of the nuclear device; it would simply damage the warhead and turn it into a dud.

Slow Fission. Even if the shock wave fails to set off the warhead's conventional explosive, it can damage electronic components or cause sufficient changes in the critical shape of internal cavities within the warhead to prevent a nuclear explosion. In addition, the heating of the ICBM's exterior may so damage its heat shield that the missile would burn up upon entering the atmosphere.

Neutrons produced by the ABM blast could also cause crippling damage at a range of about two miles. Penetrating into the ICBM's outer shell of uranium 238, they can produce slow fission, causing heat that may deform the warhead or set off its lens charges. The neutrons may also whiz into the warhead's core of uranium 235, causing it to explode in a premature nuclear blast while still hundreds of miles from its target.

Because ABM-produced X rays and neutrons could sweep such large segments of the skies clear of threatening ICBMs, defense planners believe a relatively small number of Spartan missile batteries—costing a total of \$4 billion—could defend the entire continent.

tal U.S. against the kind of primitive missile attack that China may well be able to launch by the mid-1970s. They could also provide protection against a few Soviet ICBMs that might be launched accidentally.

But even the installation of many Spartan batteries—backed up by smaller and faster Sprint missiles for short-range interception of ICBMs that penetrate the X-ray curtain—would not provide sufficient protection against a determined and massive attack by the Soviet Union. Using shielding, decoys, multiple and maneuverable warheads and radar-jamming chaff or nuclear explosions, the Russians could confuse and overwhelm U.S. defenses—just as the U.S. could overcome theirs.

Time to Leave the House

The short (5 ft. 4 in.), white-haired professor perched on a small stool, his feet hooked in the lower rung, his hands extracting scrawled lecture notes from a manila envelope, Fyodor Isaac Rabi (rhymes with Bobby) gazed stolidly up at his 30 selected students in Columbia University's tiered, 286-seat Pupin physics lecture hall. His eyes suddenly wrinkled with laughter, self-inspired by a quick quip; then his voice turned passionate as he summed up his lifetime concern that science "should be the foundation for the community of man."

On that theme, Physicist Rabi, 68, who was born in the old Austro-Hungarian empire, grew up in New York's Lower East Side and went on from a Ph.D. at Columbia University to become one of the nation's pioneer nuclear researchers, ended 37 years of teaching at Columbia. A 1944 Nobel prizewinner, Rabi developed the molecular-beam magnetic-resonance theories that laid the foundation for micro-



RABI & STUDENTS
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wave radar, lasers, masers and modern radio astronomy. He was a consultant to the Manhattan Project that built the first atom bomb, and was one of the men responsible for creating the famed Brookhaven National Laboratory. Rabi also helped make Columbia's physics department one of the best in the entire world.

No Absolutes. Despite his extraordinary scientific prestige, Rabi always shunned public attention. At Columbia, he was regarded as a witty, patient teacher deeply concerned with humanizing the austere and arcane formulas of science. Fittingly, his last class as one of Columbia's few University Professors, who have the freedom to teach whatever they wish, was on "The Philosophical and Social Implications of 20th Century Physics." His students, drawn from many disciplines, listened intently. "Science, unlike theology," Rabi argued, "questions its own bases all along. It is a developing thing and, of itself, is revolutionary. And, as such, it particularly fits our time." He noted how early 19th century scientists thought that Newtonian mechanics explained everything, how early 20th century scientists saw quantum mechanics as all-encompassing, how the ever-unraveling discoveries of nuclear physics forever destroyed absolutes in science. "Science," he said, "is like one of those old English country houses which is never finished, is continually being added on to."

World War II, said Rabi, was a "blind, black reaction against all that science stood for—against all that meant human advance and progress and understanding." Yet Rabi had no hesitation about pushing ahead with the atomic bomb. "We all felt we were in a race," he said. "And we shuddered to think what would happen if the other side won." Only after the war did Rabi worry about the fact that the U.S. was left with "a power that no nation on earth should have." Rabi spent much of his non-teaching time after that in pushing ardently for world disarmament, organized the first international conference on atomic energy in 1955. He considers this meeting "the beginning of the *détente*," since it was the place where "We first began to understand Russian scientists as human beings." Yet, said Rabi sadly, "I've not been very successful—the arms race continues and mounts."

Science, Rabi explained, should not be taught merely to enable men to perform specific functions. It is, he argued, "the only valid underlying knowledge that gives guidance to the whole human adventure. Those who are not acquainted with science do not possess the basic human values that are necessary in our time." Science, he went on, "is the real basis for knowing what the hell we are all about" and thus must always be taught with a sense of its social implications. As he closed his last lecture, Rabi's students stood and applauded for five minutes.

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THE DIVERSIFIED MAJOR

MODERN LIVING

MANNERS & MORALS

Socking It to 'Em

Perhaps because Gordon McLendon, 45, is a father (four children) and grandfather (two), he found it difficult to believe "that our American young people are preoccupied with thoughts of 'making out,' marijuana and birth-control pills." But when he listened carefully to the music that was played on his own 13 AM and FM radio stations, he believed—plenty. "There were songs," he said, "that glorify dope addiction, homosexuality, immorality in general. Some absolutely make permissible, if not encourage, fornication and all varieties of things that would have been called immoral 20 years ago."

He heard songs like *I Can't Get No Satisfaction* ("I can't get no girl with action . . . I'm trying to make some girl"), *Sock It to Me Baby* ("Ready or not I want what you got"), *Let's Spend the Night Together* ("I'll satisfy your every need, and I know you'll satisfy me"). In *Rhapsody in the Rain* ("I can't stop—together: together"), a parked couple is making love to the rhythm of the windshield wipers. In *Day Tripper*, the girl friend is suspected of being a prostitute ("She only played one-night stands"). And, according to hippy interpretations, there is breaking out for every taste—LSD (*Running Around the World*), pot (*Get Off Of My Cloud*), and heroin (*Straight Shooter*).

Grass-Roots Crusade. Having heard enough, McLendon directed all his radio stations (from Philadelphia to San Francisco) to quit playing songs that "offend public morals, dignity or taste." And just to make sure that certain kinds of recorded numbers would not get past his disk jockeys, McLendon announced that henceforth his stations would refuse any new record release "unless it is accompanied by a valid lyric sheet."

Simultaneously, he took his crusade to the people. Addressing the American Mothers' Committee convention in Manhattan, he implored: "When you go back to your own communities, let your radio stations know that you are behind this campaign. Your support at the grass-roots level will go a very long way toward arresting the cancerous growth of that irresponsible minority in the record and music industry which unconsciously countenances subtle or downright salacious lyrics." McLendon carefully limited his attack to that "irresponsible minority," mainly British rock singers such as the Rolling Stones. "I must take a stand," he said, "in favor of a rather updated version of the Boston Tea Party. Two centuries later, I suppose we might call it 'The Wax Party'—one in which we purge all the distasteful English records that deal with sex, sin and drugs."

Jaded Jury. McLendon's manifesto won an immediate endorsement from the American Mothers' Committee, as

well as support or similar action from 125 other of the U.S.'s 4,200 AM radio stations, including the Susquehanna broadcasting group, and several stations owned by the American Broadcasting Co. But McLendon won't stop there. Aware that "teen-age slang changes by the week," and that the hippies love to slip innuendoes past the censors, McLendon is appointing an "informal panel" of consultants. It will have to include, he thinks, an ex-prostitute and an ex-addict to catch all the nuances.

THE CITY

The Garbage Explosion

When city officials speak of the country as "wasting away," they are not punning. Waste—the uncontrolled proliferation of garbage, trash and scrap—is threatening to bury many U.S. cities. A serious problem for nearly all, it may soon become a crisis for many.

The garbage explosion already dwarfs population growth. While the number of people in the U.S. has gone up 30% since 1950, solid waste—largely as a result of the ever-increasing use of throwaway packages and containers—has gone up a full 60%, to 160 million tons a year, enough to fill 2,000 giant cargo ships. As the pile grows, traditional methods of disposal are proving increasingly inadequate or unacceptable.

Trash into Water. Burning rubbish in most of today's inefficient incinerators merely puts the dirt into the air (New York municipal incinerators spew out 38.6 tons a day), and most existing land-dump areas are quickly being filled up. Few populous neighborhoods will allow new ones to be established. The crisis that many cities will face in five or ten years has already hit San Francisco. For 44 years, the little town of Brisbane has served as San Francisco's major dump; now it has won a court order that may soon stop at the town line all trucks carrying garbage. "What," asked San Francisco's Mayor Jack Shelley in exasperation, "can we do with it? Shoot it to the moon?"

That might not be such a bad idea, but local officials and scientists, working for the first time with grants from a laggard Federal Government, are thinking of more down-to-earth solutions. Garbage has been used for years to create dry land from marshes and shallow tidal water. New York's La Guardia Airport is only one famous landmark that was built on refuse. Now Virginia Beach, Va., wants to see if it can turn its trash into a verdant natural stadium, using the leftovers to mold hills for children to play on.

Hempstead, N.Y., thinks that it can solve its water problems by desalting sea water with heat produced by burning rubbish in a "clean" incinerator, while Bergen County, N.J., plans to use its garbage to heat a community sports

center. New York City's commissioner of air-pollution control, Austin Heller, reckons that if air-pollution could be prevented, the city could generate 25% to 50% of all the electricity it needs with garbage-fueled furnaces, thus possibly paying part of the cost of collection. After a tour of Europe, where garbage technology is years ahead of the U.S., three San Francisco experts came up with what they think is the permanent solution for their city's problem: incinerators as clean as laboratories that would turn waste into basic material for roads and concrete.

Titanic Solution. Harvard has a research grant to determine whether waste can be burned far out at sea by incinera-

DAVID CAHN



LAND DUMP IN THE BRONX, N.Y.

What a waste.

tor ships, researchers elsewhere are trying to find a ready market for garbage compost. Since transportation accounts for 70% of the cost of waste disposal, another team is studying the possibility of using pipelines connected directly to household chutes to convey garbage—much as coal slurry is now carried—to distant incinerators.

The New York Central Railroad and New York's suburban Westchester County are thinking of compressing garbage like scrapped autos and cannibalizing it to available upstate sites. One local humorist's suggestion would give Denver the most expensive garbage dump of all: two dozen nearby Titan-missile silos, built at a cost of \$27 million each in the '50s and since abandoned for a newer generation of missiles. But even this titanic solution would probably not last very long.

THE PRESS



SVETLANA STALINA
Pretty good rate of exchange.

PUBLISHING

Land of Opportunity

"I am not going to become a very rich woman," said Stalin's daughter Svetlana Allilueva Stalin, 42, when she arrived in the U.S. "It is absolutely impossible for me to become a rich person here." She planned to give away large sums, and had no idea how much money she would be making. But, as every immigrant knows, America is a land of opportunity. Since she arrived, bids to publish and serialize her 80,000-word memoir, *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, have poured in from much of the world. The Book-of-the-Month Club, for instance, last week paid \$325,000 to distribute the book when it is published next October, which is \$75,000 more than it paid for William Manchester's *Death of a President* and about \$260,000 more than it usually pays for a book.

For the book rights to *Twenty Letters*, Harper & Row paid \$250,000. After paying an estimated \$400,000 for serialization rights, Life magazine will run a 30,000-word excerpt in the issue that goes on sale Oct. 10. The New York Times paid about \$250,000 for an equal number of words to be run in six installments beginning Oct. 8; these will be made available at a surcharge to the 175 North American newspapers that subscribe to the New York Times News Service.

Life tried to buy foreign rights to the book, and even explored the overseas possibilities on Svetlana's behalf. Her U.S. lawyer, 77-year-old Edward S. Greenbaum, listened to the sums involved and then decided he could make a better deal by hiring a literary agent to negotiate with European publishers. As bids feverishly escalated, he was able

to turn down an \$850,000 offer from Italian Publisher Giorgio Mondadori for exclusive foreign rights—one of the largest prices ever offered in Europe for a book. By week's end Greenbaum had concluded lucrative agreements with publishers in most European countries.

The prices were all the more remarkable since none of the buyers has read the book. It is still in the process of being translated into English by Priscilla Johnson MacMillan at her family's home on Long Island, where she is being assisted by Svetlana. Moreover, the memoir is said to contain few political revelations and not much awareness of Russian politics. The book, as Harper & Row puts it, is a story told "with a rare lyric intensity by a Turgenev heroine." Except that Turgenev never made \$1,000,000 or more on a single book, no matter how lyrically intense.

NEWSPAPERS

How to Survive in the Afternoon

The New York World Journal Tribune was barely buried before other publishers began speculating about the vacant slot in the city's afternoon field. The New York Times, the New York Daily News and Time Inc. all acknowledged that they were considering the possibility of publishing a newspaper. The paper they talked about differed, of course, in many respects from the one that folded. But just what sort of paper would it be? Last week some people intimately acquainted with the vagaries of the New York newspaper scene offered opinions.

All pointed to a fatal flaw of the W.J.T.: its lack of focus. "A newspaper should have a distinctive personality," said New York Times Managing Editor Clifton Daniel. "It doesn't matter who runs it so long as it is commanded by a single intelligence and a single concept." Other than that, it does not have to be a newspaper in the traditional sense. "It could be a vastly smaller operation with a different philosophy and outlook," says one publisher. "I've always thought that there was a place in New York for another highbrow newspaper," says Walter Lippmann. "It's what the Herald Tribune should have been and what the W.J.T. was not. I mean an excellent newspaper, not a big paper like the Times. It should have the best art, music, financial and political criticism that you could get. I wouldn't expect it to have a large circulation, but it would have an extremely profitable circulation."

Story in Context. Clifton Daniel, on the other hand, stresses the need for the paper to be entertaining, to provide lighter fare than the news-heavy morning Times. "The afternoon paper," he says, "is largely read by people on the move, who have different expectations

from those who read the morning papers. There's the stockbroker who wants the closing prices, the racing fan who wants the results, the office worker who has been penned up all day and wants information about things he has heard piecemeal on the radio or in gossip, and those who want to know what show and restaurant to take their wives to and what to watch on television."

The afternoon paper, say the experts, has a tougher job than the morning paper: it must prime the news while it is still breaking. "A new paper, while close to the Herald Tribune in style, would have to be quicker," says James Bellows, the Trib's last editor, who is now associate editor of the Los Angeles Times. Instead of hiring worn-out legmen as rewrite men, says sometime Trib Editor John Denson, who is now executive editor of *Atlas* magazine, the paper should seek out specialists with enough knowledge at their command to put a story in context.

Jumping the Traffic. No matter how high the quality of the editorial product, costs must be kept down, the workforce reduced, union restrictions eliminated, production fully automated. "One thing you've got to have is a modern plant," says Vincent Manno, the New York newspaper broker who brought Hearst, Howard and Whitney together for the ill-fated W.J.T. merger. "You can't spend less than \$25 million and have the kind of plant necessary to put out a paper in the city of New York. A fully automated plant contemplates that the unions would permit it, and to my knowledge they never have. The newspaper is the only product I know of that's being manufactured today the same way it was 50 years ago."

If a new plant is not available, says Bellows, the paper could share production facilities with the New York Times—the kind of quasimerger that has taken place at considerable savings in other

PELLE ELLMENHAG



VINCENT MANNO
Lighter, tighter and automated.

cities. As for the problem of distribution, that could be solved—unions permitting—by satellite printing plants fed by electronic transmission. "That way," says Denson, "you could jump across the New York traffic."

While others were contemplating a second afternoon daily, the existing one went calmly on its way as usual. Dorothy Schiff's liberal *New York Post* picked up some of the castoffs of the feature-fat *W.J.T.*, the Los Angeles Times-Washington Post News Service. Columnists Walter Lippmann, Evans and Novak, Art Buchwald—and even right-wing William Buckley Jr. "The *New York Post*," explained a disclaimer, "recognizing its altered role as the only afternoon newspaper in New York, believes that it is a part of its journalistic duty to convey some expression of viewpoints different from its own." But the Post showed no signs of enriching its threadbare news coverage. "If only Dolly Schiff would bend a couple of degrees and broaden the horizons of her paper," noted Los Angeles Times Publisher Otis Chandler, "she could pick up one helluva rich market."

Surrender in Paris

For six bleak years, the neophyte New York Times International edition tried to compete in Paris with the septuagenarian Paris Herald Tribune. Last year the competition became more unequal when the Herald Tribune combined with the Washington Post. Finally faced by accumulated losses of some \$12 million, including \$2,000,000 last year, the Times International folded last week and merged with the Trib-Post.

In its final months, under ex-Foreign News Editor Sydney Gruson, the Times had put up quite a fight. During its last year, circulation rose by 15% to 47,000; advertising image jumped 20%, running ahead of the Trib by 2.7 million to 1.8 million lines. Trouble was, the Trib-Post, with a circulation of 60,000, was a better paper, with a much keener sense of what the overseas American wanted to read. The Times, despite all its effort to add fresh European shopping and travel features, remained essentially a thin version of the New York edition.

The new three-way merger will be called the International Herald Tribune. Interest in the new venture will amount to 37% for Jock Whitney's Trib, 33% for the Times and 30% for the Post. The Trib-Post's editor, Murray M. Weiss, and its publisher, Robert T. MacDonald, will be in charge. Gruson will work with them during the period of transition, then return to Manhattan. With an expected circulation of close to 100,000, the paper will be the largest American daily ever printed outside the U.S.—but it will be put to bed each night without the services of four of the old Trib newsmen, who quit last week when they learned that holdovers from the Times staff were being hired at better salaries.

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



MICHELANGELO was an engineer-inventor as well as an artist. Leonardo's talents spanned all of man's knowledge at his time. Even today, men who are superior in one field are likely to be superior in others—but how many times do opportunities to explore new fields present themselves in our age of specialization?

We realized just such an opportunity recently when we made a senior financial executive the manufacturing vice president of a major division. Although the switch might seem unusual to some, it is a good example of what we're looking for in our management development program at Rockwell.

Like many companies, we place a high value on job rotation in addition to outside schooling, temporary assignments and other accepted development techniques. At the executive level, a manufacturing vice president will soon switch jobs with the top sales executive in his division for a month. In one of our plants, the manufacturing engineer has become superintendent, while the superintendent is doing the job of industrial relations manager for the next three months. These men will all go back to their original jobs—but not their original perspective.

Our experience with these job rotation programs has been that superior performers take to new challenges like ducks to water. Intellect succeeds, no matter what the discipline. And the "total man" that results from exposure to many jobs is the kind we'll need tomorrow.

In the course of filming our new Power Tool TV commercials, the technicians asked Arnold Palmer to use a "Green Line" drill as he would in his well-equipped workshop at Latrobe. Arnie promptly vised-up his regular driver, removed the sole-plate, put a bit in the drill, and said he was ready: on camera he drilled some holes in the wood's head—very professionally. He put the sole-plate back on after the filming—but no one knows if he's ever filled the holes with metal, as he does at home. We've got some people watching the length of his drives even more carefully now.

The theme of our exhibit at the American Water Works Association Convention in Atlantic City this month will be TAKE 10 WITH ROCKWELL. Makes sense, because it was at this same show in Atlantic City ten years ago that we introduced the then-revolutionary Sealed Register Magnetic-Drive Water Meter. The "10" also applies to the 10-year warranty we now give meter users on the Sealed Register unit—something other meter manufacturers haven't yet done, even though most now offer their own version of the meter we pioneered. Those conventioners who take 10 in our booth will see the industry's broadest line of meters, new remote readout devices, and other ways Rockwell is helping water utilities plan for more economical systems 10, even 20 years ahead.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SPORT

BASEBALL

Old Aches & Pains

Anybody who has ever belted a hard-thrown baseball on a cold day—ouch!—has some idea why pitchers love the early spring, and how come there were all those one-hitters a little while ago. Ah, but the weather is warmer now, and so are the batters.

Last week 30 homers were hit around the majors in a single day. The New York Yankees' Mickey Mantle collected the 500th of his career, thereby becoming the sixth player in history to achieve the mark.⁴ And Roberto Clemente of the Pittsburgh Pirates celebrated the approach of summer by driving in seven runs in one game against the Cincinnati Reds, with a double and three home runs. The luster of that feat was only somewhat dimmed by the fact that the Reds themselves pounded out 13 hits, including four doubles and a homer, and won the game 8-7.

Such disappointments are common in the life of Roberto Clemente, 32. In 1965 he won the National League batting championship with a .329 average, but he was not even elected to the league's All-Star team. In 1966 he hit .317, clouted 29 homers, drove in 119 runs, and beat out Los Angeles Dodgers' Pitcher Sandy Koufax for the Most Valuable Player award—but his team blew the pennant to the Dodgers in the last week of the season. All told, Clemente has three batting titles to his credit.

* Babe Ruth (714), Willie Mays (547), Jimmie Foxx (534), Ted Williams (521), Mel Ott (511).

it—but nobody has ever asked him to do a shaving-cream commercial. Last week was merely typical. There was Roberto leading the league in batting (at .395) in RBIs (with 26) and basehits (with 45). Where were the Pirates? In third place, five games behind the Reds.

Trucks in the Street. Maybe that explains why Clemente is an insomniac who says: "Anything makes noise while I'm in bed, I hear it—a truck outside the hotel, a footstep in the hall." And that he is widely regarded as an unconstructed hypochondriac, whose headaches, colds, cramps and nervous stomach come from worrying—about his headaches, colds, cramps and stomach. Even so, Roberto, says Pittsburgh Manager Harry Walker, "is just the best player in baseball, that's all."

Signed originally by the Dodgers in Puerto Rico in 1954, Clemente was farmed out to Montreal in the International League, where the Pirates picked him up for \$4,000 in the annual minor-league draft. It was quite an investment. He possesses probably the strongest throwing arm of any outfielder in the business: from 420 ft. away, he has fired a perfect strike to the plate to catch a runner trying to score from third. Though he is only 5 ft. 11 in. and 185 lbs., he can hit any pitch—good or bad, and with power, as Cincinnati Pitcher Milt Pappas found out on that extraordinary day last week.

When Pappas tried to waste an outside fastball, Clemente reached out and poked the ball 400 ft. over the right centerfield fence. Next time Roberto came up, Pappas threw him another fastball, but this time high and inside. Clemente leaned back and swatted it 400 ft. into the rightfield stands.

All Odds & Ends

How does a seventh-place ball club turn into a first-place ball club? Well, first it gets a manager who never played a day in the major leagues. He then converts his rightfielder into a pitcher, his second baseman into a leftfielder, and his leftfielder into a third baseman. Guess what happens next? The rightfielder-turned-pitcher wins five out of six games, the second baseman-turned-leftfielder bats .308, the leftfielder-turned-third baseman drives in 20 runs—and the Cincinnati Reds lead the National League by 3½ games.

They may not be on top at season's end. Cincinnati's only pennant in the past 25 years came in 1961, and everybody connected with the club has been trying to forget it ever since: the Reds lost the World Series in five games to the New York Yankees. Leftfielder Pete Rose, 26, is the only .300 hitter in the line-up, and the club's batting average is .247—33 points below the second-place St. Louis Cardinals.

But, oh, that pitching. Righthander Mel Queen, 25, the converted outfielder, has a 5-1 record and a 1.85 earned-



CINCINNATI'S QUEEN
Scoreballs in the strike zone.

run average, credits his instant success to the undoubtedly fact that "the batters are scared. They don't know what to expect from a guy who hasn't done any pitching before." The batters could hardly feel much safer facing Cincinnati's No. 2 pitcher, Gary Nolan, who is 18 and had barely two months of minor-league pitching before moving up to the Reds—which may account for his 3-1 record and 2.12 ERA. Two other Cincinnati starters, Bill McCool (at 2.15) and Sammy Ellis (at 2.18), rank among the league's top five in earned-run averages.

Then there is Dave Bristol, who can be identified as the Cincinnati manager mainly by the size of the chaw in his cheek. A sometime high school history teacher, Bristol, 33, never got past Class B ball as a player, had only a few months of coaching experience in the majors. "Oh, no," were Bristol's first words when he was informed late last season that he had been appointed manager. His next words were, "Boys, baseball is a game where you gotta have fun. You do that by winning. So let's have fun."

Presumably, they are.

AUTO RACING

To Catch a Ghost

The race itself was still two weeks away. Yet 225,000 fans turned out at Indianapolis' famed Brickyard to watch 56 drivers compete for 33 starting positions in what seems certain to be the fastest, scariest, and most intriguing Memorial Day 500 in history. For the nostalgic, who bemoan the passing of the old Offenhauser-powered roadsters that dominated the 500 for years, there was Lloyd Ruby, who hit 165.2 m.p.h. in his American Red Ball Special powered by a rear-mounted Offy. For patriots, unhappy that foreign "sporty car" drivers in foreign machines have won the last two 500s, there was California's



PITTSBURGH'S CLEMENTE
Footsteps in the hall.



A man needs a good excuse to buy a \$9.00 bottle of whisky for himself. Here it is.

People are funny.

A man who won't think twice about buying a bottle of Crown Royal for someone he wants to thank, or impress, or befriend, suddenly becomes stingy when he buys a bottle of whisky for himself.

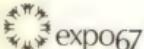
He'll buy good whisky. But not the best. He'll send his friends "first class" but

he'll go "economy". And how much will he save? A dollar and change!

When a man prefers good whisky, and when he can buy the rarest Canadian, unimaginably smooth, unbelievably light, for hardly more than he's spending now, don't you think he's silly not to spend the extra money on himself?

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Seagram's Crown Royal—In the purple sack. About \$9.00 a fifth. Blended Canadian Whisky, 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.



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Photographed at Love Field, Dallas

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THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY DIVISION

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Dan Gurney, who blasted his American Eagle around the track at a fantastic 167.2 m.p.h.—demolishing the four-lap record set last year by Mario Andretti. And, for *aficionados* of sheer daring, there was Andretti himself.

Still smarting from last year, when an oil leak forced him out of the race on the 27th lap, Andretti watched Gurney break his record, cracked: "It's nice to have something to shoot at"—and tramped on the throttle of his 500-h.p. Dean Van Lines Hawk-Ford. Shooting for 170 m.p.h., Mario came enticingly close—169.7 m.p.h.—on the third of four qualifying laps. Too enticingly. "Let me tell you, that fourth was one thrilling lap," he said later. "I lost it in the No. 1 turn, got straightened out in No. 2, then lost it again in No. 3. I final-

OLD HICKORY

Not for the *Nouveau Riche.*



ANDRETTI & FAMILY
Sideways if necessary.

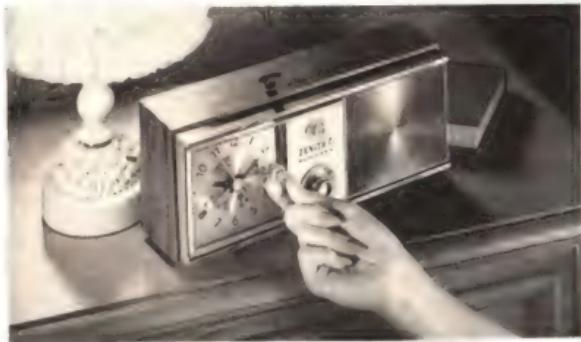
ly got leveled out, thank goodness. Otherwise, I might have been the first man to finish his qualification run sideways." Andretti's four-lap average of 168.9 won him the pole.

Winning the pole is not winning the race, of course, and Andretti's toughest competitor on May 30 may well be Parnelli Jones, the 1963 champion, whose controversial new STP Special was the talk of Indy. Powered by a Pratt & Whitney aircraft turbine, the car has no clutch, only two "glow" plugs, can run on anything from kerosene to armagnac, gets twice as many miles per gallon as conventional Indy cars, and is practically soundless—emitting a sort of loud sigh as it ghosts around the track. Jones easily qualified the car at 166 m.p.h., and competitors cried foul. Among them was Andretti. "If that car is going to be allowed to compete it should be in a special class," Mario grumbled. "There's just no way a piston can compete with the horsepower developed by a turbine."

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MEDICINE

CASUALTIES

Children of Viet Nam

"The purpose of the mission was to find war-injured children suitable for medical treatment in the U.S." How many such children were found by the three-doctor mission sent to Viet Nam by the Committee of Responsibility to Save War-Burned and War-Injured Vietnamese Children? Thirteen, for now. Eventually, reported one of the doctors last week, the program would probably transport from five to ten children a month to the U.S. for plastic surgery or prosthetic-device fitting too complex to be carried out in the western Pacific.

What of the *Ramparts* report of a million child war victims that provoked the formation of the Committee of Responsibility in the first place? The three doctors—Internist Henry Mayer of Redwood City, Calif., Plastic Surgeon John Constable of Boston, and Pediatrician Theodore Tappert of Philadelphia—struggled to establish reliable casualty estimates. They visited 37 of the Viet Nam government's provincial hospitals in three weeks, but in the end could do no better than accept the Vietnamese Ministry of Health's report that casualties are now being admitted to its hospitals at the rate of 50,000 a year. Among them: 10,000 children. The doctors noted that according to some estimates, only one-third of civilian casualties ever reach a hospital. That would mean 30,000 child casualties a year at current rates, and perhaps 150,000 since the war began.

Speeding Aid. As for the claim that Vietnamese hospitals are crowded with burn victims in need of plastic surgery in the U.S., the committee tended to

agree with Dr. Howard A. Rusk, the U.S.'s best-known rehabilitation expert, that such is not the case. Among the hundreds of casualties the doctors saw, only 38 were suffering from "war burns" (both phosphorus and napalm), and 13 of these were children. They found no patients with third-degree burns covering more than 20% of the body surface. This, they concluded, jibed with the opinion of U.S. military experts that the most severely burned victims of napalm and phosphorus die, sometimes of suffocation, without reaching a hospital. The C.O.R. doctors discounted Rusk's theory that many civilian "napalm burn" cases were actually injured trying to cook with gasoline: several victims they saw described the bomb that hurt them as a "gasoline bomb."

The C.O.R. doctors noted, as has every U.S. visitor to Viet Nam that civilian hospitals there are pitifully inadequate, understaffed, and lack essential supplies. U.S. military and civilian authorities are now speeding aid to the Saigon government to enlarge and improve the hospitals and build several new ones. And since a major difficulty for civilians is getting to a hospital in time for treatment to be effective, Major General James W. Humphreys, who has been in charge of U.S. medical assistance to Viet Nam, has been trying to get helicopters to airlift casualties, as is now done for the military wounded.

DRUGS

Pill Consumers' Report

Why pay more for a brand-name drug when the identical compound can be bought more cheaply under its chemical name? The question is naturally tantalizing; it is also current because of hearings before the Senate Monopoly Subcommittee last week and a new book, *The Handbook of Prescription Drugs*, by Dr. Richard Burack.

A specialist in internal medicine and pharmacology at Harvard Medical School, Dr. Burack starts from the premise that too many drugs cost too much because they are prescribed and dispensed under brand names, whereas the identical chemicals, meeting the same U.S. Government standards of purity and potency, are available for less under their generic names. Drug by drug, Dr. Burack lists many of the most widely used medications, gives their brand names and lists the prices charged for them. For example, he cites penicillin G, sold by E. R. Squibb & Sons as Pentid, at a price to the druggist of \$6.62 per 100, but for 92c by Penes Products Co., and by 15 other companies for less than \$2. Or digoxin, sold as Pil-Digox by Davies, Rose-Hoyt at \$18.40 per 1,000, but by Merck, Sharp & Dohme at \$2.50. Dr. Burack urges patients to ask their doctors to pre-



ARTHUR SADOVE

SADOVE AT ILLINOIS MEDICAL CENTER

Sometimes, but not always.

scribe by generic rather than brand name, then ask their druggists to sell them the cheapest approved brand.

Glaring Examples. Private patients are not the only ones who pay higher prices for brand-name drugs; so do many state and local governments. Wisconsin's Democratic Senator Gaylord Nelson last week heard a series of witnesses before his Monopoly Subcommittee testify on the price spreads. William F. Haddad, a former Peace Corps and antipoverty executive, now heading a New York citizens' committee conducting research on city problems, cited the most glaring examples.

New York City and adjacent Nassau County, said Haddad, buy meperidine (Miltown, Equanil) for \$18.90 per 1,000, while Georgia's Fulton County (Atlanta) pays \$62.40. New York City buys tetraevine at \$25.95 a 1,000, but Chicago pays \$50. Fulton County \$95, while New York's Onondaga County (Syracuse) pays \$90 for a slightly different form. The District of Columbia, buying through the Veterans Administration, equals New York's low prices in most cases and better them in some. The armed forces do at least as well, buying in still greater quantities through the Defense Supply Agency.

Nonequivalent. Like the last witness, Senator Nelson accepted the claim that a generic-named product, provided it meets Government standards, is exactly the same drug as the brand-name item. Sometimes it is, but not always. Four eminent research physicians in Chicago, headed by famed Anesthesiologist Max S. Sadove, have carefully compared many "generic equivalent" drugs for years and found great differences in the effects on patients. One notable example involved an anesthetic; a cheaper, generic-named form simply did not anesthetize in some cases, and in others the effect wore off too soon. Besides potency and purity, there are 20 to 30 other types of differ-



PROVINCIAL HOSPITAL IN VIET NAM

Perhaps 150,000 but certainly not 1,000,000.

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May 17, 1967

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ence between drugs, most of them too subtle for routine Government testing. But some may prove important for certain patients. "Our conclusion," reported the Sadove team, "is that generic equivalency is frequently a fable without basis in fact."

How many such cases of nonequivalent "identical" drugs there are, no one knows. The Department of Defense is expected soon to set standards requiring low-bid manufacturers to prove that, for 28 key drugs, their products' chemical equivalence is matched by equal medical efficacy.

More Bad Trips on LSD

Irresponsible users of LSD in Southern California, already noted for having tested, with fatal results, the notion that they can fly from tall buildings, last week added more dangers to the list of the drug's effects:

► In Los Angeles, a machinist, aged 29 was charged with "driving under the influence of LSD" after police said he had run through a red light, injured a woman and her daughter in another car. He later told police he remembered nothing about it.

► At the wheel of a speeding, careening truck in downtown Los Angeles, police said they found a driver "naked and incoherent" on LSD. He insisted he remembered nothing about the trip.

► Four Santa Barbara college students lost most of their reading vision by looking straight at the sun. Under LSD they could do this for three or four minutes, hardly squinting and feeling no pain, so their eyes were wide open to the sun's infra-red rays, and the macula, the point of clearest vision in the retina, was badly burned. There is no effective treatment. Explained one boy: "I was holding a religious conversation with the sun."

GYNECOLOGY

Proof of Abortion's Value

Colorado's liberalized abortion law, passed just last month, is already proving its value. In one case, a woman married to a temporarily sterile husband was raped in April. When it became clear that she was pregnant, she and her husband complained to the district attorney. She had become severely depressed, said one of her doctors in applying for the abortion permission, and the operation was needed to help relieve this depression and "because of obvious social consequences if the pregnancy is not interrupted." Under the old law, no abortion could take place unless it was proved that the mother's life was endangered; last week the operation—the first under the new law—was performed at Denver's Presbyterian Medical Center. This week the second abortion is scheduled to be performed on a twelve-year-old girl, raped 16 weeks ago, who is described by psychiatrists as having suffered "significant mental injury."

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Making things happen
with petroleum energy

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Reforming Juvenile Justice

Throughout the U.S., juvenile courts are an entity unto themselves. They have their own rules and regulations, and in most cases they answer to no higher authority. Until its current session, the U.S. Supreme Court had never even reviewed a state juvenile court case. But last week, by an 8-to-1 majority, the court ruled that it is time for juvenile courts to grow up. "Neither the 14th Amendment nor the Bill of Rights is for adults alone," said Justice Abe Fortas for the majority. "Under our Constitution, the condition of being a boy does not justify a kangaroo court."

Poor Substitute. The case in point, *In the Matter of Gault*, concerned a young Arizona boy, Gerald Gault, who three years ago was accused of telephoning a neighboring housewife and making what the court called "remarks or questions of the irritatingly offensive, adolescent, sex variety." The woman who claimed to have been called never appeared at any hearing. Neither Gerald nor his parents were advised of any right to counsel or of his right to keep silent. They had little or no advance notice of the charges against him. No transcript was kept of the proceedings, and no appeal was possible. It took a writ of habeas corpus to get any sort of review. The offense was punishable by a maximum of two months and \$50 if Gerald had been an adult. Since he was only 15, however, he could be and was committed to the State Industrial School until he turned 21.

Such treatment was not unique to Gerald or to Arizona. In 1899, recalled Fortas, Illinois reformers established the first juvenile court system in the nation, and it was soon imitated by every state as well as by other countries. The intention was not to punish children but to "treat" them, and the presiding judge was given great latitude. "The highest motives and most enlightened impulses led to the system," said the court. "But in practice, juvenile court history has again demonstrated that unbridled discretion, however benevolently motivated, is frequently a poor substitute for principle and procedure."

Kindly Judge. What fundamentally disturbed the majority was the fact that "however euphemistic the title, the child is incarcerated for a greater or lesser time in an institution of confinement. In view of this, it would be extraordinary if our Constitution did not require the procedural regularity and the exercise of care implied in the phrase 'due process.'" Accordingly, the court ruled that an accused juvenile is entitled to timely notice of the charges. He must be given the right to confront and cross-examine witnesses against him. For his hearing to be fair, he must also be told of his right to counsel—a court-appointed counsel if he is indigent—

and he must be told of his right to remain silent.

The lone dissenter,⁶ Justice Stewart, surprisingly made no mention of the possibility that countless minors now in custody may well be entitled to quick release. He did argue, however, that the court was inviting "a long step backward into the 19th century," an era when "there were no juvenile proceedings, and a child was tried in a conventional criminal court." In anticipation of that objection, the majority carefully noted that it was not suggesting that juvenile courts needed to change in every respect. It will still be acceptable for the courts to keep a juvenile's record secret to protect him, though many have not in fact done so. He can still be classified as a delinquent instead of a criminal. A record of delinquency need not "operate as a civil disability or disqualify him for civil service appointment" any more than it does already. And "nothing will require that the conception of the kindly juvenile judge be replaced by its opposite."

POLICE

Morale Rearmament

The policeman's lot—poor pay, long hours, constant danger, public abuse—is not a happy one. Not even in Cincinnati, which is surprising in light of the fact that after 15 years of tight and intelligent control by Police Chief Stanley Shrotel, the force was considered one of the best in the nation.

Behind Shrotel's efficiency and reputation lurked a penny-pinching city council, which consistently refused to approve funds for new communications equipment, more cars, more men. Where Cincinnati had once paid its police force better than any other major Ohio city, by last year it was paying the least. Over the years, the trouble had taken its toll. In 1961, 5% of the men retired as soon as they became eligible at 52, or simply resigned; by 1965, the number had climbed to 10%. Applicants also fell off. Last year Chief Shrotel, earning \$17,400 a year, resigned to take a job (\$17,600 raise) as chief security officer of a grocery chain.

To the People. Even before he left, cops lower down the line felt something had to be done. Sergeant William Berry, president of the local chapter of the Fraternal Order of Police, decided that "we had a greater purpose than just going to parties and drinking beer." He hired a law firm to bridge the gap between the civil service cops and their city employers. Then he retained Bonsib, Inc., a Fort Wayne, Ind., public relations company. "We needed to get the man on the street to understand the police and their problems."

⁶ Justices Black and White concurred in separate opinions; Justice Harlan concurred in part and dissented in part.



CINCINNATI POLICE/COMMUNITY CELEBRATION
Some inescapable suggestions.

explained Berry. Bonsib began by drawing up a 28-page, how-to-win-friends-for-cops course (sample tip: "Take advantage of every opportunity to publicly show policemen in non-badge-and-gun situations"). Next came a request to City Manager William Wichman to open wage negotiations. When he refused, Bonsib recommended citizens' petitions, house-to-house calls by police, letters to the editors.

But the city council was slow to get the message. Then Shrotel resigned. At the same time, the city was in growing terror of a rapist-strangler who had claimed three victims (TIME, Oct. 21). Major crime was up more than 25% over the previous year. "Just what the hell is going on around here?" thundered Republican City Councilman Jake Held. "What we used to call a crime wave is now accepted as a way of life. This is intolerable." Held opened a six-week hearing. At the end of it, he had some inescapably specific suggestions for the city council: an immediate \$1,000 raise, an end to the requirement that all cops live within city limits, a permanent crime commission, the hiring of 91 new policemen.

Public support was vigorous. Community committees marched on police stations, bearing praise and gifts. The council granted the raise last January. The city decided to go for 100, not 91, new patrolmen, has already recruited 52. Last week the council voted to abolish the residency requirement, and this week is expected to okay a permanent commission. "True citizen cooperation, that utopia when a citizen calls us when

⁷ There were three more rape killings before police arrested a local ex-cab driver. There have been no additional ones since his arrest.





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May 17, 1962

he sees a crime, has improved 100% in the last year," says Sergeant Berry. "The only sad thing," says new Chief Jacob Schott, 51, "is that you have to have something like a strangler to get people stirred up." But Councilman Held plans to keep things well stirred. "It's the politicians, including myself, who were blind and didn't back Shrotel," he admitted. "Schott and his men are going to get backing."

PRISONS

Rgh! Rgh! Rah!

Charles McCalla was ready to be paroled from Illinois' Stateville prison last month, but he asked if he could stay until June. He wanted to stay in—for a while, at least—so that he could eventually stay out. He was in his junior year of college, which is run at the pris-



McCALLA AFTER RELEASE
Staying in to stay out.

on by Northern Illinois University, and would miss his exams if he left.

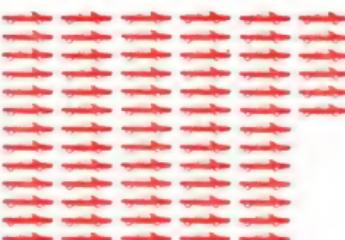
"I became tired of running in and out of prison," McCalla said. "I came to the conclusion that I couldn't communicate with intelligent people. If I got a job, it would be just through sympathy on somebody's part." He had already finished grade school and high school during previous stretches for car theft, larceny and armed robbery. During his present stretch for parole violation, he has taken 137 semester hours. His major: English.

McCalla's request was a bit unusual, but, said Warden Frank Pate, "I talked to the parole board, and they agreed to let him stay." McCalla settled down to study in the prison library. Hearing of his plight, Northern Illinois U. snipped academic red tape and gave him his exams early. He sailed through with a B average and sailed out of Stateville only 23 days late. Next fall he hopes to enjoy the real and academic freedom of an undergraduate senior, perhaps on the Northern Illinois campus.

Avis has been attacked by a larger fleet.



No. 1 (104,000 vehicles)



Avis (71,000 vehicles)

One of our competitors has been running some get-tough-with-Avis ads. And why not, if he wants to?

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We're closing the gap.

His fleet of cars and trucks is 104,000. Ours is 71,000.

We mention this because we can't have you thinking we may be out of shiny new Plymouths if you come in for one.

Maybe No. 1 knows how far we've come, at that.

If we were all that small, he wouldn't have run those ads in the first place.

ART



HOPPER BY JAMES CHAPIN



"HOTEL LOBBY" (1943)

The workaday face in all its homely honesty.

PAINTING

A Certain Alienated Majesty

Talk was never Edward Hopper's strong suit. His wife Jo, the chatteringbox in the family, once observed: "Conversation with Eddie is just like dropping a stone in a well, except that it doesn't thump when it hits bottom." Hopper's eloquence was visual. When he died last week at the age of 84, in the Washington Square studio where he had lived for the past 54 years, he left a half-century-long portrait of the workaday face of America. He had captured it with all the homely honesty of a foursquare realist—but in the lambent light of a brooding romantic who saw beauty in the humblest barber pole.

Though not articulate himself, Hopper could quote Emerson: "In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty." Hopper was a genius of this kind: he painted not only what Americans have seen from the corners of their eyes, but what they have dimly thought and felt about it. People sitting on porches or by windows, the silent, sun-drenched Cape Cod houses or rows of blank-faced Manhattan store fronts on an early Sunday morning—all are vignettes glimpsed and pondered by a reflective traveler.

From Dark to Light. "You know, when you go by on a train," Hopper once said, "everything looks beautiful. But if you stop, it becomes drab." Hopper recaptured the magic of his first fleeting impression by eliminating detail. His canvases are generalized, his faces chastely drawn. But if this spared him the flaws of everyday existence, it also left him detached from the hurly-burly of everyday events. Hopper's canvases are universally lonely.

The shy, hulking (6 ft. 4 in.) son of

a Nyack, N.Y., merchant was always a loner. He devoured Tolstoy and Turgenev in high school, went to New York at 17 to study at the New York School of Art with Robert Henri, a leader of the Ashcan School. Hopper learned there that the proper study of American artists is American daily life, but the dark, flamboyant style that Henri encouraged among Hopper's fellow students, most notably George Bellows and Rockwell Kent, was not for Hopper. Instead, he went on to Paris, absorbed the lighter palette of the impressionists—and remained totally aloof from the Fauvist and cubist revolutions going on around him.

Something That Suggests. Hopper sold his first painting, a canvas called *Sailing*, for \$250 in the 1913 Armory Show. But popularity was slow in coming. It was not until 1923, after an agonizing decade during which he did commercial illustrations, that he sold his second. By the 1930s he had achieved a measure of success: his oils were being bought by the Metropolitan Museum, and his realism was accepted as the quintessence of the search for American roots and the often angry realism of Depression-era artists. Last March he was named the keystone artist to represent America at the 1967 São Paulo Biennale. São Paulo's University's William Seitz, who made the selection: "There is no other master who can better represent what is most characteristic of art in the U.S. A pioneer in representing 'unpaintable' American subjects, he provides a bridge from the Ashcan School to the decade of pop art."

In fact, Hopper was no more a new realist than he was a social realist or even an Ashcan realist. Instead, he was an idealist: like a novelist, he reordered the scenes he saw to suit the mood he was trying to convey. *Night Hawks*, his somnolent 1942 evocation of the graveyard hour in an all-night café, was "suggested by a restaurant just at the

junction of Greenwich Avenue and Tenth Street—I think." *Hotel Lobby* was the kind of picture that could have been inspired by "no particular hotel lobby, but a lot of little cheesy hotels." Hopper gave up painting from nature entirely in 1940, explaining that "I look all the time for something that suggests something to me. Then I think about it. Just to paint a representation or a design is not hard. But to express a thought in painting is."

ARCHITECTURE

The Crown Is Consecrated

Kettledrums sounded, trumpets blared, and an Irish Guards band played martial airs in the streets as 2,000 invited dignitaries and 500,000 Roman Catholics celebrated the consecration of Liverpool's new Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King on Whitsunday. Constructed over the past 41 years at a cost of \$11,200,000, the cone-shaped cathedral in concrete rises to a stately stained-glass lantern tower capped with a crown of finials, which lights up at night atop one of Liverpool's two hills. The other hill, half a mile away, is already topped by the Gothic spires of the Anglican cathedral.

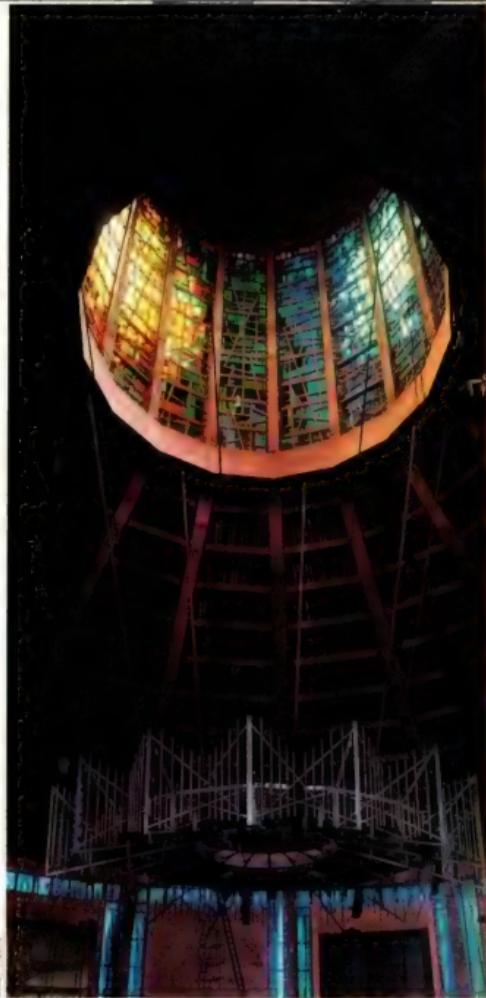
Satellite Chapels. The new Roman Catholic cathedral, already dubbed "Paddy's Wigwam," "The Roeket," "The Crown" and "The Pope Goes to the Moon," nonetheless provides both Catholics and architects with occasion for rejoicing. The winning design was selected in 1960 by a committee headed by Liverpool's archbishop, John Cardinal Heenan (now Archbishop of Westminster in London), from among 300 submitted. It turned out to have been executed by Congregationalist Frederick Gibberd, 59, the architect and city planner responsible for London's Heathrow Airport and the new town of Harlow.

"I never build things unless there is

A SPACE-AGE CATHEDRAL



STAN WENNER



Central tower rises 255 feet above altar. High-tensile steel used for 16 radial trusses and matching crown of pinnacles permits unbroken circular canopy of stained glass.

Britain's new \$11,200,000 Roman Catholic cathedral, designed by Frederick Gibberd, looks like a rocket on its launching pad in industrial Liverpool.

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and the New Nationalism,
bully for you.

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some reason for them," says Gibberd. The new cathedral's shape derived from the emphasis on the high altar, visible to the congregation from all sides. This dictated a cathedral-in-the-round, with 2,000 worshippers seated no more than 80 feet from the altar. He surrounded his circular nave with 16 individually shaped satellite chapels and anterooms, each set off from the next by 1-in.-thick blue stained-glass panels, extended a piazza to roof over an English Renaissance crypt built in the 1930s, and made the lower level a 200-car parking area with elevators from it for invalids.

Apostles' Bells. Gibberd hit upon the idea of placing a tower directly over the altar's baldachin (or canopy) and using it to light the cathedral because "it's all part of the same thing." To be sure, the idea of having a 2,000-ton tower suspended over space presented structural problems, but these, as Gibberd put it, can be solved "if you get a lot of chaps together with some real know-how." Prestressed concrete was used for the 16 radial buttresses, while the roof was prefabricated from huge slabs of concrete hauled into place by the largest tower crane in Europe after a model of the cathedral was tested in a wind tunnel to prove it would withstand the impact of three Boeing 707s.

The cathedral's electrically operated bells, named for the apostles Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, are separately housed in the 90-ft., freestanding bell tower that looms at the entrance. "I congratulate the architect on the excellence of his design," said Cardinal Heenan as the bells pealed on Whitsunday. "He spoke in a new language, but has not used any tricks which would embarrass those who will come later. This is authentic art, and it will be admired so long as men cherish beauty."

EXHIBITS

The Pranksters

It has been a chilly non-spring in Manhattan, but the silly season has nevertheless arrived at the art galleries and dealers' showrooms. At the Kornblee, an Italian named Michelangelo Pistoletto, 33, is displaying shiny sheets of steel, on which he has pasted blown-up, painted photographs of men and women. Visitors are reflected in the steel mirrors so that, just for an instant, they are fooled into thinking they are part of a parade, or trying to read someone else's paper—and that the painted figures are really real.

At the Waddell Gallery, Fifth Avenue's puckish furrier, Jacques Kaplan, is parading an entire "art" show done in fur. Zebra skins are expanded into compositions of svelte veldt op. *Big Brother Is Watching You* (price \$950) is the name of a jaguar hide with two peering glass eyes. One eye winks.

But by far the most fabious funnyman in town is Claes Oldenburg, a prematurely balding troll of 38. Among his what's-its-on display at the Sidney Janis Gallery are: 1) a 6-ft.-long stuffed



PISTOLETTO REFLECTED IN HIS WORK



OLDENBURG & SOFT FAN

By now a trademark.

and-sewn canvas loaf of raisin bread, with six detachable slices and 42 removable raisins; 2) a 12-ft.-tall, droopy white canvas "ghost fan" tits mate, a 12-ft.-tall black fan, witts in mid-air beneath the space capsules at the top of Expo 67's U.S. pavilion; 3) platters bearing real Jell-O and real marzipan molds of the artist's face, east thrice weekly by Manhattan's Tower Suite restaurant; 4) a collage made out of old cigarette butts; 5) sketches and models for "proposed colossal monuments," including a 75-ft.-high wing nut for engineering-happy Stockholm, and a brobdingnagian girl's thig to hem-hoisting London.

Such pranks are by now Oldenburg's trademark. Stockholm-born and Yale-educated, he set up shop in lower Manhattan in 1961, in a store stocked with his own enameled-plaster food-stuffs and clothing, and became one of the progenitors of pop. That humorists such as Kaplan and Pistoletto can find galleries in Manhattan nowadays is largely because Oldenburg's monster hamburgers and soft vinyl Dormeyer mixers made comic contemporary art acceptable, indeed sometimes all but inescapable. "Jokes," says Oldenburg, with all the Nordic intensity of a Bergman, "are one way to reach people. Perhaps humor is the only useful tool in a dissolving world."

THE MARKET

Dealing from Park Avenue

Art frauds seem to be popping up all over. Only a week after the announcement that Texas Oilman Algur Meadows owns 44 fakes (TIME, May 19), Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan disclosed the indictment of New York Dealer David Stein, 31, on 97 charges of counterfeiting and grand larceny. Stein may never have sold a

painting to Meadows, but according to the D.A.'s office, he painted, signed and faked the papers for 33 Chagalls, seven Picassos, and one Matisse, unloading them on five other collectors and seven dealers for \$165,800. Among those who bought from Stein were Colonel Edgar Garbisch, a leading collector of American primitives, who paid \$14,000 for an unpretentious little Picasso for his wife's dressing room, and the E.J. Korvette discount chain.

Stein, a British doctor's son with a degree in French literature from the University of Paris, had no formal art training. According to the D.A., he discovered his knack for successful copying in 1961 when he limned a Picasso drawing, signed it and sold it to a Paris art dealer; he followed with two small Chagall gouaches, which he sold in London for \$4,000 each. Stein arrived in the U.S. two years ago, and soon set up in a stylish Park Avenue gallery-apartment, where he had a number of genuine Chagalls and Picassos.

Business was brisk there and at the store-front gallery he operated in Palm Beach. But at least one buyer became suspicious of Stein's paintings and his surprising ability to produce papers from Paris guaranteeing them on almost overnight notice. Manhattan Dealer Irving Yanet took his six Chagalls to the D.A.'s office.

The real Marc Chagall has since certified Stein's work as false, as has Picasso. But, said the D.A., the artist who did his best to help the cops was none other than David Stein. When detectives raided his apartment last September, they found half-done paintings, stamps that Stein had used to forge Paris gallery certificates—and a photograph of Stein, stripped to his handsomest waist, in front of an easel busily painting a Chagall.

SHOW BUSINESS



COBURN PLAYING LOG WITH WIFE & CHILDREN
Like trying to build a giraffe out of a Tinkertoy.

ACTORS

Beyond the Ego

Zap! With one jolt from his cigarette lighter-ray gun, James Coburn became the roguish superspy in *Our Man Flint*. Zap! Zap! And the near-impossible switch from heavy to heartthrob was complete. It was Coburn's first leading role, but *Flint* made him a star, which means, among other things, that everybody wants him. They can get him too—for only \$500,000, plus a slice of the profits.

Producers are now furiously trying to groom new Coburn types, but his seam-faced, hard-guy specifications are so disproportionate that it is a bit like trying to build a giraffe out of a Tinkertoy. He is 38, though his cropppy thatch of sandy hair makes him look like a delinquent graduate student. A lean 6 ft, 2 in., he is a rangy tangle of angular limbs: in action, karate-chopping his way through a thicket of villainy, he suggests Ichabod Crane doing the jerk.

There is a whiff of the diabolical about him. He has razor-slit eyes, a maniacal cackle, and the toothy grin of a cougar at feeding time. Above all, in the role of the flip, fearless rogue, he exudes a musky *can de* Coburn that women find exhilarating. "Funky, groovy," is the way Camilla Sparv, his co-star in *Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round*, describes his appeal: "mysterious" is the verdict of Julie Andrews, who appeared with him in *The Americanization of I. M. ly*.

Illogical Logic. The groovy side of Coburn was cut in Compton, Calif., where he played drums in the school orchestra and "had such a good time that it took me five years to get out of high school and 3½ years to get out of junior college." After a hitch with the Army in Germany, where an attack of "tin fatigue" caused him to swear off liquor forever, he studied acting at Los

Angeles City College, eventually migrated to Manhattan. There, between appearances on TV shaving commercials, he cultivated the mysterious side of his nature. He became a vegetarian to help "clear up my mental vibrations," studied yoga and Zen, which he describes as "that silence between the left side and the right side of your ego, the illogical logic that has to work in you."

Returning to Hollywood in 1958, Coburn saddled up for a Randolph Scott western called *Ride Lonesome*, which type-cast him as a heavy for the next seven years. In *The Magnificent Seven*, he spoke only 14 words, but his chilling portrayal of a sadistic, knife-throwing cowboy won him meatier roles, and eventually a chance to be *Flint*—both off-screen and on. The one thing he cannot abide, however, is the amorous women who are always sidling up to him in the street. "They don't see me—they see a guy named Flint. That isn't me: I'm just old Jim."

Gong Guru. Old Jim swings in other ways. He took LSD before it was fashionable. He digs for relics in Yucatan, goes on three-day fasts. Wearing wrap-around shades on his eyes, and with a cigarette holder between his teeth, he drives his silver Ferrari "as fast as I can everywhere I go, playing little tunes on the gears." For solace, he retreats to his 22-room Spanish villa atop Beverly Hills, sits cross-legged on a leopard-skin pillow, drops his head, closes his eyes, and bongs away on four Japanese gongs and a large hollow log from Mexico. "My gong guru and I," he recalls, "used to go out in the desert and take some peyote and just hit it. Wild vibrations, man! Overlapping!"

When the "strange loneliness" of his sudden success begins to bug him, he takes his wife Beverly to a spa and "meditation center" in the Big Sur. "You sit in those baths," he says, "steaming and watching the stars fall

and relating to yourself and to other people. Or you stand next to a tree that you know has been there for 3,000 years. Its age puts you in perspective, tells you where you are."

"Beyond the ego" is where Coburn wants to be. He is currently co-producing and starring in *The President's Analyst*, but that, he allows, is just to satisfy the outer man. "We must be here for some reason, not just to make movies and lie in the sun. Man can't be finished. The cat is. The gorilla is. We must be here for a self-evolution, a development of the mind." Zap!

JAZZ

Beat Me Daddy, 27 to the Bar

Avant-garde jazz nowadays makes a lot of noise and a lot of speed, but rhythmically it has scarcely moved out of the '20s: the bop is still thumping along mostly in a 4-4 beat. This old-fashioned conformity bothered Trumpeter-Composer Don Ellis, so he organized a 21-piece band in Los Angeles, beefed up the rhythm section (four drummers, three double bassists), and sent the meter flying. To the modern far-out sound of jazz, he has added an exciting rhythmic pulse by playing in meters with 5, 9, 11, 19 and even 27 beats to the bar. And he makes it sound completely natural.

Fact is, says Ellis, 32, "the odd-numbered meters, which at first seem so exotic and difficult to us, are really very natural and a part of the folk culture of much of the world." It was while he was doing graduate work in ethnomusicology at U.C.L.A. in 1962 that Ellis grasped the jazz potential of the com-



JAZZMAN ELLIS
With a raga-time band.

plex, repeated beat cycles underlying Asian and Middle Eastern music. With Indian Sitar Player Hari Har Rao, then a member of the U.C.L.A. music faculty, he formed the Hindustani Jazz Sextet to explore musical passages to India; two years ago, he launched his big band.

Demonic Pitch. Musicians who could play the quirky rhythms of Ellis' arrangements, or even tap their feet to them, were hard to come by. Eventually, he lined up a group, which today includes teachers, studio men, students and one lawyer, that could feel at home with everything from a quasi-classical *passacaglia* and fugue to raga time. After months of rehearsals, he brought in a score in 3½ time, and the band read it at sight. "That was the turning point," recalls Ellis. "The time barrier had been broken."

Last week the band capped off the first Los Angeles Jazz Festival with an electrifying performance that brought 4,000 jazz buffs in U.C.L.A.'s Pauley Pavilion to their feet, cheering "More! More!" The trim, bearded Ellis lunged about the stage whipping the music to a demonic pitch, molding the arrangements on the spot by cutting his men in and out with shouts and hand signals. Occasionally, he pivoted and loosed a flock of high-flying notes from a specially made four-valve trumpet that enables him to play 24 tones in an octave, rather than the usual twelve.

In the Forefront. The son of a Quaker minister and holder of a degree in composition from Boston University, Ellis served his apprenticeship by playing and writing for groups of every musical stripe from Charlie Mingus and Woody Herman to the New York Philharmonic, with interludes of teaching and organizing jazz happenings. His band currently works only once a week regularly, at a Hollywood spot called Bonneville; between dates, he supports himself by playing studio orchestras and scoring TV sound tracks. Now he has a long string of offers from festivals in Europe and the U.S. He sees himself in the forefront of a revolution in jazz rhythm, predicts that teen-agers will make it a pop revolution as well by learning to dance to his new meters. After all, he says, "The Greeks and Turks and Indians have been doing it for centuries. Why shouldn't we?"

BOXOFFICE

How They Rank

The top ten movies at U.S. boxoffices last week, according to Variety:

- 1) *Casino Royale*
- 2) *A Man for All Seasons*
- 3) *Thoroughly Modern Millie*
- 4) *The Sand Pebbles*
- 5) *The Bible*
- 6) *Hawaii*
- 7) *Grand Prix*
- 8) *The Taming of the Shrew*
- 9) *Hombre*
- 10) *A Man and a Woman*

MUSIC

NEW WORKS

In a Gloomy Garden

A seminude courtesan tries to seduce a hunchback as his image mocks him from three mirrors. Fashionable men and women strip to nearly topless leotards and pantomime a sordid orgy. A bearded astrologer chants about immortality while peacocks scream. In a gloomy garden, a man embraces a sculptured minotaur, seeing in it the face of his brother. Statues spring to life in an eerie dance.

This is such stuff as bad dreams are made on; and in Argentine Composer Alberto Ginastera's new opera *Bomarzo*,

Musically, this lugubrious narrative is etched in a jaggedly dissonant score that takes Composer Ginastera even farther out than the twelve-tone serialism of his 1964 opera *Don Rodrigo*. Ginastera stacks up thick instrumental clusters, punctuates them with short, stabbing chords, sometimes uses what he calls "clouds," in which orchestra and singers improvise rhythmically suspended, ever-shifting textures. At various points in the piece, the string players clatter their bows on their instruments, the brassmen blow air tonelessly through their mouthpieces, the woodwinds bend notes into piercing quartonnes. A 24-voice chorus in the pit sometimes

REUTER-FENNEDY



SEDUCTION SCENE IN "BOMARZO" WITH NOVOA & SIMON
Carved in jagged contours of emotion.

is appropriately woven into the gripping nightmare of a tortured spirit. Commissioned by the Washington Opera Society and given its world premiere last week at Washington's Lisner Auditorium, *Bomarzo* is based on a prizewinning novel by Buenos Aires Art Critic Manuel Mujica Láinez, who also wrote the libretto. In 15 taut, hallucinatory scenes that take place mostly in the mind of Pierfrancesco Orsini, Renaissance Duke of Bomarzo, it flashes back over the events of the Duke's "secret life, which like the hump on my back, encumbered my soul."

Sights & Sounds. *Bomarzo* is haunted by his brothers and father; he is sexually ambivalent and frustrated, ghost-ridden and obsessed with death. Suspecting that his wife has been unfaithful with his brother, he orders the brother killed. Then, having built a garden of grotesque stone sculptures symbolizing his inner traumas, he unwittingly drinks poison and dies in the gaping mouth of one of his statues; his only benediction is a kiss from an innocent shepherd boy who skips by.

comments on the action or makes weird noises underlining a dramatic moment; during the orgy scene, it sighs, moans, and murmurs the word love in several languages simultaneously.

Metaphysical Anxiety. Under the firm baton of New York City Opera Director Julius Rudel, the singers projected their parts with clarity and polish while threading their way through Ming Cho Lee's surrealistic settings. Mexican Tenor Salvador Novoa eloquently voiced the pain and weakness of the Duke, and statuesque Joanna Simon, as the courtesan, sang her seductive aria in a lustrous mezzo-soprano.

Ginastera sees *Bomarzo* as "a man of our time," because he "struggles with sex, submits to violence, and is tormented by the metaphysical anxiety of death." The thesis might be more persuasive if *Bomarzo* were a less odd and cringing figure, and if the unremitting bleakness of his psychological life were set off against a more robust outward existence. But there can be no doubt that Ginastera has powerfully achieved his effects, combining orchestral wiz-



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KYUNG-WHA CHUNG

Gusto and grit from a bear and a doll.

ardry and forceful vocal writing to carve out the contours of jarringly dramatic emotion. As Washington Opera Society President Hobart Spalding says, "The fellow is made to write operas."

CONTESTS

Cookie & Pinky Come Through

The first prize includes a series of solo engagements with such orchestras as the Cleveland, Chicago and New York Philharmonic, so it is no wonder that the piano and violin competitions sponsored by Manhattan's Edgar M. Leventritt Foundation have helped launch many an illustrious career. Pianists Eugene Istomin, Gary Graffman and Van Cliburn and Violinists David Nadien and Itzhak Perlman are among the performers who got an early boost from the award. Since the stakes and standards are so high, the judges occasionally pick no winner when they feel that the candidates are not ripe for major concert appearances. In some years, no competition is held at all.

But last week at Carnegie Hall, the Leventritt jury outdid itself. It ranked the four violin finalists so closely that it took the unprecedented step of asking each to play again. Then, for the first time in the competition's 27-year history, it named two winners: Korea's Kyung-Wha Chung, 19, and Israel's Pinchas Zukerman, 18, both scholarship students at Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music and products of eminent Juilliard Teacher Ivan Galamian.

Kyung (dubbed Cookie by Galamian) is one of seven musical children of an importer who now lives in Seattle. She started on piano at four, but switched to violin two years later because "I kept going to sleep at the keyboard." She

left Seoul for Juilliard at twelve, knowing no English. As composed and lovely as a porcelain doll, she "never felt more comfortable" than in the competition, was calm enough to nap during the two-hour wait for the jury's decision.

Zukerman, a friendly, flop-haired bear of a boy ("Everybody calls me Pinky"), started studying at seven with his violinist father. In 1961, Isaac Stern and Pablo Casals heard him play at the Tel Aviv Conservatory and immediately cleared the way for him to go to New York. In the finals, he says, "I lost my cool. My fingers got all tangled up. It taught me how much I could produce under tension, but I sure hope it never happens again." At a victory celebration, he broke down and cried.

Fire & Flair. Cookie and Pinky have a knack for putting their personalities into their playing—a surprising achievement at an age when most young musicians merely display a coldly glittering technique. Cookie's performance of Bruch and Mozart was sensitive and finely shaded; in passages of Beethoven and Saint-Saëns she showed grit and fire as well. Pinky, tapping his feet and swaying into a sort of golfer's follow-through, plunged with intuitive flair and gusto into music by Vivaldi, Bach, Mozart and Tchaikovsky, and his broad, compelling tone filled up the hall.

Both performers are clearly ready for the wider exposure the Leventritt award will bring. "Now," says Pinky, "the serious business is starting." Meantime, the other business continues. Three hours after the competition, Pinky was back at Juilliard for the dress rehearsal of a student opera production of *The Ruse of Lucretia*, in which he is just another fiddle player in the pit.

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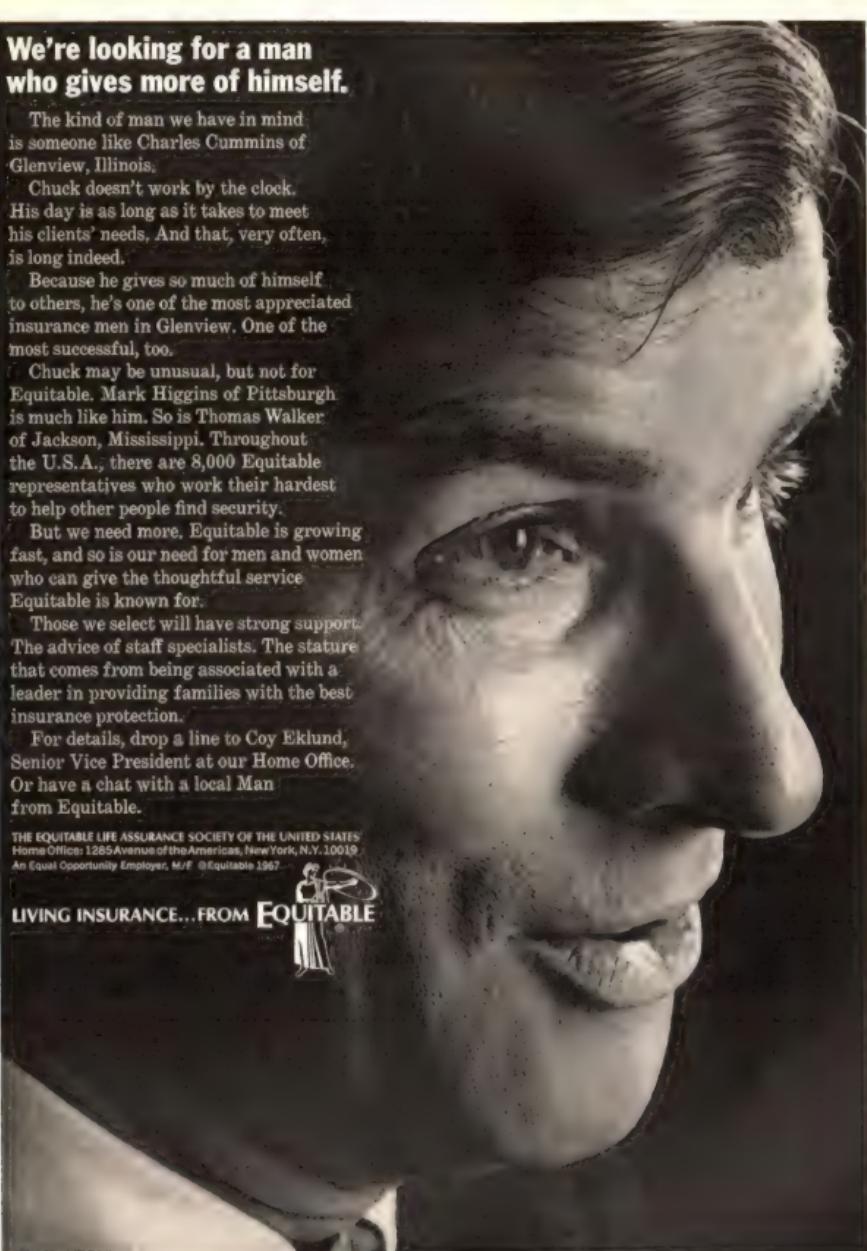
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RELIGION

ORTHODOXY

Royal Reformation

Two years ago, Greece's King Constantine invited the nation's Orthodox bishops to his palace, implored them "to become bolder in providing for the religious needs" of their countrymen. The prelates politely thanked him for his "useful" suggestions—but otherwise ignored them. They may not have realized that the King's plea was inspired by his personal chaplain, Archimandrite Ieronymos Kotsos. Last week indications were that the royal recommendations would finally get some action. Ex-Chaplain Ieronymos, 61, was

met by a wildly cheered by crowds shouting "Axios! Axios! [Worthy! Worthy!]" In his installation address, he pledged a sweeping reformation for the Greek church. Referring to moral scandals that have rocked the hierarchy, he vowed to "purge the church of its unworthy ministers." He also noted that two-thirds of the nation's 9,000 priests have only a sixth-grade education or less. To attract better qualified clergy, he promised to increase priests' salaries (which currently range as low as \$532.70 a month) through more profitable management of church landholdings.

Ieronymos also called for an end to the hierarchy's Byzantine bickering over power and prestige. Announcing that he would soon fill 15 sees long left vacant because of bishops' jealousies, the archbishop warned that "any clergymen who attempts to canvass his election, directly or through middlemen, will be disqualified."

Gift from Constantinople. The most striking aspect of Ieronymos' proposed reformation was his avowed willingness to improve relations between the Greek church and its titular overseer, Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras of Constantinople. Greece's archconservative hierarchy has long been at odds with Athenagoras, largely because of his interest in healing Orthodoxy's centuries-old breach with Rome. Unlike the retired Chrysostomos, the new primate is an active ecumenist who has been a delegate for the church of Greece at several interfaith councils. Reflecting what may well become a new era of good feeling in Mediterranean Orthodoxy, Athenagoras last week sent his senior bishop, Metropolitan Meliton of Chalcedon, to represent him at the enthronement. Said Meliton, as he presented the new primate with a gold-handled pastoral staff: "It is high time that we proceed together."

ORGANIZATIONS

Lady Bountiful

In 1866, 30 Boston matrons gathered in the home of Mrs. Henry Durant to discuss the plight of friendless working girls arriving in the city without a home. Their solution was to create the Young Women's Christian Association, which was to provide young maidens with a safe, inexpensive and decent place to live and protect them against "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Maidens may not need much protection from pestilence these days, but the Y.W. is still the lady bountiful helping young girls in need. From its modest beginnings, the Y.W. has grown into an international organization of 2,200,000 members, operating 264 residences across the U.S. and carrying on activities in 74 countries abroad. No longer sexually segregated, the Y.W. has more than 240,000 men enrolled in its mam-



IERONYMOS AFTER ENTHRONEMENT
"Axios! Axios!"

installed as the 17th Primate of the Orthodox Church in Greece.

Appointed by Constantine to succeed 86-year-old Archbishop Chrysostomos, who was retired by the new military government (TIME, May 19), Ieronymos promises to bring a breath of needed fresh air to Greece's dormant, dominant church. A native of the marble-quarrying island of Tinos, Ieronymos was ordained a deacon in 1932, earned scholarships to theological schools in England and Germany. He is an expert in canon law, with 90 published works to his credit, has a doctorate in divinity from the University of Athens. After World War II, he came to Queen Frederika's attention by leading a movement to repatriate Greek children who had been kidnapped by Communist guerrillas. In 1949, the royal family named him palace chaplain.

Byzantine Bickering. Arriving at Athens' Metropolis Cathedral for the enthronement ceremony, the new pri-

An office, ranking just below bishop, that is usually held by church administrators and superiors of groups of monasteries.

moth educational and recreational programs, which offer an assortment of courses ranging from cooking and shorthand to yoga and judo.

The Businessmen's Plunge. The Y.W. today, says Mrs. Alida Cory, executive director of the Cincinnati branch, is rapidly outstripping its old reputation as a "sancimonious swimming pool." It now provides sophisticated instruction in sex education and natural childbirth; last year the Y.W.'s in Oakland, San Francisco, Pasadena and Los Angeles started special clubs for unwed mothers that offer not only companionship but also baby sitting and employment services.

In its prim past, smoking cigarettes was generally not allowed, and locks were bolted at the toll of 10 p.m. Now

J. EDWARD BAILEY



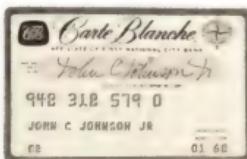
Y.W.C.A. PRESIDENT CLAYTOR

Part of the general barrier-breaking,

all residences provide ashtrays because, as one Y.W. official explains, the girls smoked anyway and burned the furniture: any girl who signs out in the evening can get back in as late as 3 a.m. simply by ringing a buzzer. Although as a rule, men may still not advance above the lobby floor of residences, they have free run of the Y.W.'s recreational areas. The Boston center, which last week held its 100th annual meeting, has even opened its sauna bath and pool once a week for a "businessmen's plunge."

The main thrust of Y.W. activities these days is directed toward social action in the community. The St. Louis association, for instance, has started a letter-writing campaign to persuade the Missouri legislature to enact a fair-housing law. In Cincinnati, under a Y.W.-sponsored program social workers go to old-age nursing homes to entertain and teach lonely inmates recreational skills. Y.W. members now run a number of local Job Corps, Head Start and Neighborhood Youth Corps programs. In another tie-in with the federal antipoverty program, 27 Y.W. centers are opening

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their residences to 1,800 girls just out of the Job Corps.

Keeping the World. The Y.W. annual convention in 1946 formally banned racial discrimination. Association officials admit with some embarrassment that eleven Southern associations still operate segregated activities, but these have now been threatened with expulsion unless they change their ways. Last month the Y.W. elected its first Negro president, Mrs. Robert W. Clayton, the wife of a Grand Rapids physician. Mrs. Clayton sees her election as simply part of the general process of "barrier breaking" that has been going on in the Y.W. for decades.

As far back as the 1920s, the Y.W. dropped from its charter the requirement that members must be "ladies in good standing with an evangelical church." Although the Y.W. is no longer significantly Protestant—it's membership includes Jews, Catholics and even atheists—its leaders intend to keep the word Christian in the organization's name. The Y.W., says Chicago Assistant Director Lucille Lamkin, is still basically religious, not in any narrow denominational sense but in the spirit of commitment and responsibility. "It is because we are Christian," says she, "that we welcome everybody."

PRESBYTERIANS

Evangelist from Big Lick

Perhaps more than any other U.S. Protestant denomination, the United Presbyterian Church has eloquently proclaimed that contemporary Christianity must concern itself with the problems of the poor. Last week, at its 179th general assembly in Portland, Ore., the church elected as its new moderator, or chief presiding officer, a man who has spent his ecclesiastical career ministering to the underprivileged: the Rev. Eugene Smathers, 59, for 35 years pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church in tiny Big Lick, Tenn. (pop. 300).

Despite the remoteness of Big Lick and the size of Smathers' congregation—it numbers only 75—he has long been known for pioneering social work in his poverty-ridden region deep in the Cumberland Mountains. He helped set up health clinics and organize farm cooperatives, as far back as 1940 sponsored some of the South's first interracial, interfaith work camps. The son of a Kentucky tenant farmer and a graduate of Louisville Presbyterian Seminary, Smathers attributed his election² to his church's "recognition of those who serve in the difficult places of the world among the forgotten." As for Christian witness, Smathers says: "My concept of evangelism is that you've got to be with people and show the love of God through our love for them."

² Which was an upset victory over the pre-assembly favorite, Dr. William Hudnut of New York City, head of the church's Fifty Million Fund building campaign.

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MILESTONES

Born. To King Constantine of the Hellenes, 26, and Queen Anne-Marie, 20, his Danish-born wife of almost three years; their second child, first son, and first in line to the throne: in Tatoi Palace, 15 miles north of Athens.

Divorced. Alex Hannum, 43, coach of pro basketball's Philadelphia 76ers, who last month drove the team to its first championship in twelve years; by Dorothy Hannum, 42, on uncontested charges of cruelty; after 22 years of marriage, two children: in Los Angeles.

Divorced. By Lewis Rosenstiel, 75, founder and board chairman of Schenley Industries: Susan Rosenstiel, 47, his high-living blonde wife; on charges of "habitual ungovernable temper"; after ten years of marriage (six of separation), no children: in Miami.

Died. Mrs. Joan Patricia Skakel, 39, Connecticut socialite and sister-in-law of Mrs. Robert Kennedy; of strangulation, when a piece of meat lodged in her larynx while she was dining in her Greenwich home, thus adding one more tragedy to the incredible series befalling the Skakel and Kennedy families. Her husband, George Skakel Jr., was killed last September in the crash of a light plane; his parents met a similar death in 1955; her daughter, Kathleen, 17, was involved but later found blameless in the death of a neighbor's seven-year-old daughter last December, when the child fell from a car Kathleen was driving; her son, Mark, 13, is still hospitalized with serious injuries suffered last month while playing with explosives.

Died. Sir Arthur Morse, 75, chief manager of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corp. from 1941 to 1953 and the man most responsible for putting Hong Kong back on its financial feet after World War II, who demonstrated his confidence by redeeming the illegal currency issued by Japanese occupation forces, an operation that eventually cost some \$30 million but stimulated the credit and trade vital to commercial survival; of bronchial pneumonia; in London.

Died. Carey Orr, 77, cartoonist from 1917 to 1963 for the Chicago Tribune, a gruff, unbudgeable conservative who over the years directed his finely drawn barbs at such targets as F.D.R., Nazism, neutralism, Harry Truman, and whatever he considered Communist, receiving the Pulitzer Prize in 1961 for a drawing of Communism as a drooling tiger ready to pounce on newly emerging Africa; of a heart attack; in Evanston, Ill.

Died. Edward Hopper, 84, dean of U.S. realist painters; of a heart attack; in Manhattan (see ART).

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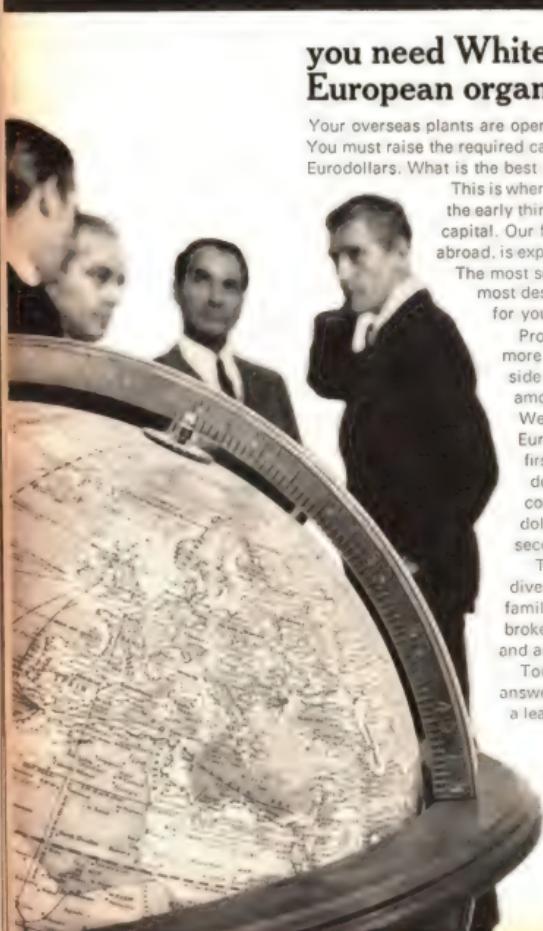
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U.S. BUSINESS

CONTRIBUTIONS

Number One to the Met

"My job is to spend money, not to raise it," says the Metropolitan Opera's resident patrician Rudolf Bing. But the general manager of the Met is not opposed to receiving contributions—and last week he got a big one. Eastern Air Lines announced that it was giving the Met \$500,000, which will enable Bing & Co. to produce a new *Ring* cycle of four Wagnerian operas to be presented in as many years.

Eastern's president, Floyd Hall, who has constantly sought to upgrade the company's promotion and advertising (its television commercial, "The Birds," won an award at Cannes in 1966), decided to finance the whole *Ring* rather than one of its parts. "If you're going to beat

Ga., does not credit business with its broad-base support, but can count on getting about \$150,000 from businessmen.

Whether or not Eastern's gift to the Met presages a new flood of money for the arts remains uncertain. But rival American and United thought enough of the idea to call in their congratulations. And by week's end, even Bing might have been heard humming: "Fly Eastern—Number One to the Sun."

MONEY

Signs of Strain

Is the nation heading toward another tight-money squeeze? Bankers and businessmen hoisted storm warnings last week—and many of them also pointed an accusing finger at Washington.

ic last fall are still so real that companies do not want to go through that again." Guy E. Noyes, senior vice president of Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., blames much of the demand on businessmen's desire to "heat the central bank" by borrowing before the Reserve Board again tightens up on credit to fight inflation.

Some firms also figure that the rising federal deficit will force the Government to pre-empt borrowable funds later in the year. Indeed, Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler admitted to Congress last week that falling corporate tax revenues and climbing Pentagon spending will push this year's deficit to \$11 billion, or \$1.3 billion more than the Administration forecast only four months ago. Fowler also predicted that the red ink might soar to an in-



BING & HALL



PRODUCTION OF "THE RING" IN SALZBURG THIS SPRING

Beating the drum hard enough for everyone to hear.

the drum," said Hall, "hit it hard enough for people to hear you." Aside from the avalanche of publicity triggered by the announcement, angel Eastern's generosity rates a special credit line in Met programs.

While few U.S. artistic endeavors have had the Met's good fortune, corporate contributions to the arts seem to be increasing. Still, many companies, leary of the baiters who show up at annual meetings to knock any corporate activity beyond the profit statement, refuse to talk about it. General Motors and Chrysler make a habit of keeping their giving under wraps.

Ford, on the other hand, actively and openly supports 17 symphony orchestras, among numerous other projects, through a company fund. In Los Angeles, amounts ranging from \$25,000 to \$1,000,000 have been given to the Music Center and County Museum of Art by such companies as Rexall, Northrop, and Pacific Telephone & Telegraph. The Houston Symphony is supported by oil companies, but the gifts have not been Texas-size. Theater Atlanta, in Atlanta,

"The demand for long-term credit," said Vice President Telford C. Gaines of the First National Bank of Chicago, "is running well in excess of the available supply of money." As a result, despite Federal Reserve pressure to keep borrowing costs low enough to stimulate the economy, interest rates on corporate and municipal bonds have climbed back to a point close to their 1966 peak. As the money pinch began easing late last year, yields of A-rated corporate bonds dropped from September's 6.35% zenith to a low of 5.20% by the end of January. By last week, the rate was back to 5.95% and still going up.

After the Spree. Businessmen had plenty of explanations for the new signs of strain, none of them comforting to would-be borrowers. Many companies, having spent so much to keep up with the economic spree of the past six years, were borrowing to replenish their coffers or pay off short-term bank loans. Says Donald C. Miller, vice president of Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Co.: "The difficulties of the money pan-

flationary \$24 billion in election year 1968 if war costs continue to escalate or if Congress fails to raise taxes. Accordingly, Fowler asked for a \$29 billion boost in the U.S. debt limit—to a record \$365 billion.

The Real Pressure. The Treasury boss also asked Congress to lift its long-established 41% interest-rate ceiling on Government bonds of more than five years maturity lest there be "a sharp rise in short-term rates." Another upward pressure on interest rates is the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit: last week the Commerce Department reported that the deficit jumped 19% from the fourth quarter of 1966, to \$5.39 million during this year's first quarter.

Unpleasant as that sounds, bankers privy to the Government's own figures insist that it understates the problem by including special "nonrecurring" deals. Without these, the deficit would be double what the Administration admitted. Even on the Commerce Department's basis, the deficit is running at an annual rate of more than \$2 billion, compared with \$1.4 billion in 1966.

WALL STREET

Happy Birthday, Big Board

As befits an institution that began business under a colonial buttonwood tree,* the venerable New York Stock Exchange now observes only every 25th birthday. For its 150th anniversary in 1942, trading halted one hour. It was a desultory day, with only 216,620 shares traded, and the Dow-Jones industrials ended up at 98.65.

Last week the exchange celebrated its 175th year, and things were considerably different. Trading stopped for a mere 13 minutes to mark the event, the day saw 9,560,000 shares traded, and the Dow, although off 3.56 points, finished at 882.24, a level no one would have predicted 25 years ago. On hand to salute the viable U.S. economy which made all this possible was Hubert Humphrey, who described himself as a "longstanding capitalist as the proprietor of Humphrey's Drug Store in Huron, S. Dak.," a role he played before he became Minneapolis mayor, U.S. Senator and finally Vice President.

Humphrey's was not necessarily the most compelling Washington presence on Wall Street last week. One guest in 1942 had been First Lieut. William McChesney Martin Jr., who had been installed four years earlier—at 31—as Big Board president, and had left that post for the Army. Now, even more illustrious as longtime chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Martin returned to get a nervous welcome from his old colleagues: a Martin jeremiad two years ago against excessive speculation touched off a drop that became known as "the Martin Market."

Unconcerned, the Fed's chairman delivered another lecture, this one against

Now known as a sycamore.



FOUNDERS SIGNING THE BUTTONWOOD AGREEMENT (1792)

An old comrade conjured up memories that the celebrants would just as soon ignore.

speculative trading by institutions. "Increasingly," said Martin, "managers of mutual funds, and portfolio and pension-fund administrators are measuring their success in terms of relatively short-term market performance. In effect, they set a target on a growth stock, attain that target, unload, and then seek other opportunities for quick capital gains." Given the size of their buying power, said Martin, such activity "may virtually corner the market in individual stocks," at the least cause undesirable price fluctuations. "Practices of this nature," he said, "contain poisonous qualities reminiscent of some respects of the old pool operations of the 1920s."

Private Club. So saying, Martin conjured up memories that last week's celebrants would just as soon ignore. Today, directly and indirectly, 22 million Americans own 11 billion shares of 1,285 Big Board companies. Until 30 years ago, the exchange operated as a private club, and the little investor was usually at the mercy of manipulators. The 1901 clash between E. H. Harriman and James J. Hill for control of the Northern Pacific Railroad, for instance, wiped out many a small trader and nearly wrecked the exchange.

After World War I, men like Jesse Livermore, Arthur W. Cutten and Bernard E. ("Sell 'em Ben") Smith preyed on the public. One bull device was the pools about which Bill Martin spoke: speculators pooled their capital, corporate connections and trading talents, and then quietly bought stock in a company. They artfully pushed up its value, suddenly sold out and let artificial prices plunge. One such pool in Sinclair Consolidated Oil earned \$12,618,000 for Harry F. Sinclair and a group of cronies. Another in Radio, as RCA was then known, netted nearly \$5,000,000 for a 70-member syndicate.



TRADING ON THE FLOOR (1967)

"He Has Made His Pile." The practice was halted only after Congress passed the 1934 Securities Exchange Act and F.D.R. named Joseph P. Kennedy to head the new Securities and Exchange Commission. Ironically, Kennedy the year before had made \$60,800 on Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co., one of the last pools. "The President has great confidence in him," noted Harold Ikes' diary. "He has made his pile and knows all the tricks of the trade."

Today, as Bill Martin would be first to say, the 1,400-member exchange is much more honest. And its problems are more sophisticated. One is the battle between big brokerage houses, which want lower fees, and smaller outfits, which want to raise them. Another problem is that, with 10 million-share days common, the tickers are obsolete and transactions take unnecessarily long. The biggest problem of all for the board of governors, and for Robert W. Haack, who this fall succeeds Keith Funston as president, is whether floor trading can be handled more efficiently by machine than by men; the exchange is considering moving to nearby New Jersey with automated equipment to escape New York City's stock-transfer tax. By its 200th birthday celebration, the speeches may well be made by computers.

AIRCRAFT

How the SST Will Be Financed

"If you don't do a hell of a job," warned Federal Aviation Administrator William F. ("Bozo") McKee, "you sure are going to lose a hell of a lot of money." McKee was talking to negotiators from Boeing and General Electric, shortly after the terms of their FAA contract to build the U.S. supersonic transport were

settled. Signed on May 1, and made public in detail last week, the contract is, according to McKee, "one of the toughest that has ever been written." It is certainly one of the biggest.

Calculating the potential market for the SST with conservative care, the FAA figured that sonic-boom problems would limit the aircraft to routes over oceans and sparsely populated areas. On that basis, it predicted sales of 500 planes, at \$40 million each, by 1990. By the time the first SST is delivered to an airline in late 1974, the cost of building two prototypes, production facilities and parts inventories will total some \$4.5 billion, including \$3.43 billion at Boeing, which is assembling the airframe, and \$1.07 billion at engine-building G.E.

The contract provides for cost sharing between the Government and the builders on a 90%-10% basis—but only for some expenses. Boeing will actually get only \$726 million in cash-on-the-line federal funds. To appease a reluctant Congress, ten U.S. airlines currently holding options on the SST volunteered \$1,000,000 in "earnest money" for each of the 52 planes they have ordered. Future "progress payments" from airlines should come to \$1.35 billion; tax relief in the development phase will mean another \$310 million. In all, by 1975 Boeing will have scraped up a fantastic \$1.06 billion on its own. G.E. will face a more manageable risk of \$420 million.

Risks & Rewards. Financially, the SST is determined to let the builders fly on their own after the prototypes are built, though the U.S. may well help Boeing with its huge capital needs by guaranteeing some loans. Even so, the Government's share of the \$4.5 billion development bill should come to no more than \$1.3 billion. The Government should easily recover all of that through royalty payments with the sale of the 300th plane, so far, including foreign orders, options have been taken on 114 U.S. SSTs. After that, Government royalties will be all gravy; by the sale of the 500th, for example, the return on the taxpayers' investment will be climbing beyond a compound annual rate of 4%.

Boeing and G.E. share most of the risks—and they are in for most of the rewards. It will probably be 15 long years before they recoup their costs, but they could earn more than 11% to 12%, after taxes, on their investment, which makes for quite a deal.

CORPORATIONS

Greyhound's New Route

As the nation's biggest intercity passenger carrier, with a 102,181-mile route network covered by 5,422 busses, the Greyhound Corp. could presumably leave well enough alone with its slogan: "Leave the driving to us." But it hasn't. Over the past five years, Greyhound has reached off the highway to buy nine firms, set up a dozen more on its own. Among other things, it now



TRAUTMAN



LOST LUGGAGE IN CLEVELAND

With profits from jetliners and computers for the bags.

leases locomotives and jetliners, runs tours, caters food, rents computers, writes insurance. And in Los Angeles last week, President Gerald H. Trautman promised that the company would continue "actively looking" for more new turns on the diversification route.

First Bet. Once limited mostly to a chain of "Post House" eateries located at some of its terminals, the company's non-bus operations are growing with greyhound speed. While transportation revenue has grown by 21% since 1962, Greyhound's other businesses have nearly quadrupled, last year accounted for 26% of Greyhound's record \$546 million income and \$47 million profit.

Greyhound's turn to diversification began in 1962, when Chairman Frederick W. Ackerman, fearing a leveling off of bus travel, began searching for new uses of Greyhound's cash. His first bet became a bonanza. For \$14.7 million in stock, Greyhound bought San Francisco's Booth Leasing Corp., which had been earning \$400,000 a year mainly by leasing railroad freight cars and locomotives. Ackerman began buying jetliners—and made money when the credit-shy airlines started cashing in on the jet age. The subsidiary's earnings have zoomed 1,300%, to \$6.2 million.

Fascinated with the success of that venture, Ackerman called in Trautman, then a San Francisco lawyer, set him to reorganizing Greyhound as a holding company. In quick succession, Greyhound picked up an industrial catering company that feeds workers at General Motors, hospitals and other institutions, a Manhattan fire and casualty insurance company, a Southeastern chain of restaurants and gas stations. It bought Travelers Express Co., the U.S.'s second largest money-order firm (after American Express) in 1965, last year set up an \$85 million computer-renting subsidiary. Greyhound is even in bus building, set up Motor Coach Industries Ltd. in Winnipeg, Canada, three years ago, after the Justice Department heeted about Greyhound's once heavy reliance on General Motors.

With Ackerman virtually retired at 72, Trautman is mapping Greyhound's

new routes. Trautman has been president for only 16 months but has already become embroiled in a battle for a 20% interest in the Railway Express Agency, which would dovetail with Greyhound's growing parcel-carrying business. Bitterly opposed to any buy-in by the busmen, truckers and the railroaders have carried the fight to the Supreme Court.

For all that, bus operations are not about to take the back seat. Greyhound will add some 580 new buses to its fleet this year, and introduce a brand-new model, now known only as the MC 6X. The 40-ft. MC 6X will have more than double the baggage-carrying capacity of present single-level Scenicruisers, feature a passenger deck raised 6 ft. above the roadway. As a result, says Trautman, passengers will ride "well above the normal impact area." And, hoping to drum up more business from Negro travelers, Greyhound last week named onetime Brooklyn Dodger Joe Black, 43, as vice president for "special markets." Black, who in 1952 became the first Negro pitcher to win a World Series game, has been a Greyhound public relations man since 1962.

"Courtesy Problems." Greyhound is also trying to spruce up its terminals. To replace smaller and often shabby facilities, the company has built 23 new depots since 1958, will open an expansive, \$11 million terminal in Los Angeles in August. Trautman is also attacking what the company euphemistically calls "courtesy problems," especially at small stations run by independent commission agents. The problem is most acute at the baggage counter, where surly clerks have been known to tell luggage-hunting travelers to "come back in two or three hours—or tomorrow."

Some relief is in sight. Greyhound will set up a computer operation this summer to keep track of its wide-ranging bus fleet. Eventually, the system will be cranked up to keep tabs on each passenger's baggage, which, because of space problems, sometimes rides in different busses. The system—optimistically—is expected to be able to trace a lost piece within five minutes.

WORLD BUSINESS

TARIFFS

The Bargain at Le Bocage

History's most ambitious effort to lower the barriers to international trade finally succeeded last week in Geneva. After four years of bargaining, a month of frenzied horse trading, and some last-minute flirtations with failure, Kennedy Round negotiators from some 50 non-Communist countries agreed to cut their tariffs by an average 35% by 1972.

It was the free world's sixth bout of tariff reductions since World War II—and it far surpassed earlier efforts. The 1962 Dillon Round achieved 8% reductions in customs duties on \$5 billion a year of global trade. Last week's ac-

result, the average tariff wall around U.S., British and Canadian imports will fall from today's 18% to about 10%. Common Market levies will shrink by one-third from their present 13.2%, and those imposed by such countries as Switzerland and Sweden will drop from 8% to the merely nuisance level of 5%.

As those reductions phase in, probably starting the first of next year, U.S. consumers may enjoy slightly lower prices on imports. If history repeats, however, inflation will erase, or middlemen will pocket, much of the savings. In any case, even on a \$5,000 Italian sports car, which now carries a \$325 duty in the U.S., the anticipated 1968 reduction to importers would amount

to Geneva, once the home of Russian Author Leo Tolstoy and now headquarters of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, the sponsoring agency of the Kennedy Round. While newsmen waited outside in a downpour (or took shelter in the stable), GATT's British director general, Eric Wyndham White, cajoled and goaded the weary negotiators, personally drafted part of the final package of concessions, in which no nation got all that it wanted. "Even the greater economic powers," said Wyndham White, "can no longer pursue their destinies in disregard of others. Still less can they seek solutions to their economic problems by narrow nationalistic policies. Nor can one escape the impact of the economic difficulties of the others." The crucial compromise:

• **AGRICULTURE.** After dropping its demand for guaranteed access to Europe's grain markets, the U.S. persuaded reluctant Europeans (and the even more reluctant Japanese) to join in a pioneering food-aid plan for hungry nations. Of 4,500,000 tons of grain a year, the U.S. will contribute 42%, the Common Market 23%, Canada 11%, Britain, Australia and Japan 5% each. Altogether, that aid comes to less than half of the grain the U.S. has been donating annually to such countries as India, Pakistan and Brazil. But Europe and Japan will have to buy their share for cash, thus increasing the world commercial market for wheat. Delegates also agreed on a new minimum world price of \$1.73 a bushel for hard red winter wheat sold at Gulf Coast ports—23¢ a bushel above the existing floor, but only about 2¢ above today's actual market price. In a move that will help U.S. farmers, the Common Market cut its tariffs by an average 25% on such produce as canned fruits and vegetables, juices, hops, nuts, raisins and tobacco.

• **STEEL.** To prevent steel from being dropped from the Round altogether, Britain agreed to shave its regular tariff from 11% to 8% and to trim 20% from its fixed duty of \$12.60 a ton on certain steels. With that, the EEC sliced its steel levy from 9% to 5.7%, opening the way for a general world alignment of steel tariffs at around 6%.

• **ALUMINUM.** Despite U.S., Canadian and Scandinavian pressure, the Common Market, at French insistence, refused to cut its 9% aluminum duty; but the EEC agreed to allow the import of 130,000 tons a year of the metal at a 5% rate.

• **CHEMICALS.** Resolving the major deadlock that threatened to wreck the negotiations, delegates settled on a two-stage tariff cut. In the first step, the U.S. will cut its levies 42% as against 25% to 30% for the Common Market. In the second stage, both sets of tariffs, with a few exceptions, would drop at



SEATED DELEGATES GREETING THE PRESS AT GENEVA
No one got everything, everyone got something.

cord covered eight times as much: \$40 billion in annual trade in 60,000 farm and factory items. Chief U.S. Negotiator William M. Roth called the result "of tremendous world importance."

Reinforcing the Ties. For one thing, it promises to produce a big increase in world trade, just as the late President Kennedy hoped when he initiated the negotiations in 1963 as a way of reinforcing political ties between the U.S. and Europe. As some economists see it, the Kennedy Round also means the virtual demise of tariffs as an important obstacle to trade. On thousands of manufactured goods—including autos, machinery, ceramics, cameras and hats—most industrial countries agreed to slash their tariffs by the full 50% that Kennedy originally sought. As a

to only \$32.50. The full tariff cut of \$162.50 will become effective only after five years.

The Potatoes Group. Racing against a self-imposed negotiating deadline of midnight, May 14 (which they missed by 24 hours), delegates battled through four days and nights of virtually continuous wrangling to compromise their differences.

From Washington, President Johnson kept track of each twist and turn in the haggling through coded cables and scrambler telephone calls, personally ordered the U.S. stand on those sensitive deal. The main thrust of those decisions—forwarded to Geneva through the White House Kennedy Round liaison staff with the secret code name "the potatoe group"—was to swap U.S. industrial concessions for lower European barriers to U.S. farm exports.

Most of the negotiating struggle took place in the 150-year-old Italianate Villa Le Bocage on the west shore of Lake

* Among them the U.S.'s Roth (smiling and turning toward newsmen) and clockwise from him, Australia's Sir Alan Westerman, the Common Market's Rey, GATT's Finn Gundelach and Wyndham White.

Crucible announces "soft stainless," a new steel that's easy to work with.

Here's solid stainless steel. It has all the good looks and corrosion-resistance you're used to in stainless. But it's soft.

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We have named our new soft stainless Rezistal®. It's different. You can cut it with ordinary scissors. Drill holes in it with your regular tools. Solder it as easily as copper.

What can you use it for? As a start, for flashing

troughs where two sections of a roof meet at an angle. For roof edging. Around chimneys and roof vents. Any joint that water could seep into.

Crucible "Rezistal" soft stainless replaces the scarce copper that roofers have been using. And costs about half as much.

Today soft stainless is mostly on large buildings, like schools and warehouses. Soon it will be on houses. Maybe in your workshop.

We want you to have it soft. Now you can.
Crucible Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.





The Schweppesman rides again—this time with Bitter Orange.

Commander Whitehead first established a beachhead with Schweppes Tonic. He then battered your barricades with Schweppes Bitter Lemon. Now he advances upon you with Schweppes Bitter Orange.

You will find this a most amicable invasion. Schweppes Bitter Orange, like all Schweppes beverages, is absolutely loaded with Schweppervescence. You know, little

bubbles that last the whole drink through.

Schweppes Bitter Orange is made with whole fresh oranges including the peel.

It is a versatile mixer and a staunch refresher when taken alone. As is the case with Bitter Lemon, it is slightly bitter to the tongue.

But then, the British long ago discovered that victory is not always sweet.



In most areas, Schweppes is available in convenient no-deposit, no-return bottles.

least to half their present level. This phase, however, will go into effect only if Congress repeals the controversial system by which duties on organic benzoid chemicals—notably dyes, sulfa drugs, plastics and pesticides—are based on their American selling price, which results in tariffs as high as 172%. If Congress does so, the Common Market and Austria agreed to trim the carefully contrived taxes which help to keep large-horsepower U.S. autos out of Europe, and Britain promised to ease its Commonwealth preference on tobacco imports.

"A Fair Balance." For textiles, the U.S. granted only 20% reductions, but of the 5,700 dutiable items on the nation's present tariff schedules, only 211 were excluded entirely from the negotiations (among them: petroleum, sheet glass, zinc, lead, safety pins, umbrella frames, briar pipes and baseball gloves). The Common Market kept such items as heavy commercial vehicles and computers (except for those using punch cards) out of the dickering. Jean Rey, the Belgian chief negotiator for the Common Market, called his group "extremely satisfied" with the outcome—a reaction echoed by most governments. Secretary of State Dean Rusk called the results "a fair balance, with some special advantages for the U.S."

American chemical and steel producers, however, angrily denounced the pact. The chemical men promised a fight to prevent Congress from repealing the American Selling Price law—even though the U.S. exports chemicals worth three times its imports. The steelmakers are centers on the Kennedy Round's comparative failure to persuade other countries to end nontariff trade barriers, such as quotas, border taxes and import licensing. "We couldn't ship any steel into Japan if we gave it away," complains Chairman Edward J. Hanley of Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corp. "It's embargoed." Similar protectionist obstacles cover hundreds of products, from U.S. coal (barred from Britain and the West German Ruhr) to whisky (which cannot be advertised in France). These problems highlight the fact that nontariff barriers now loom as the foremost remaining obstruction to trade.

Secret Details. Negotiators reached an antidumping agreement to prevent international sales of goods below cost, but its details (like those on most specific tariff cuts) were temporarily kept secret. However disturbing—and confusing—that secrecy is to businessmen, the GATT delegates consider it essential to enable them to codify the Byzantine complexities of their agreements in time for governments to sign them by June 30, when President Johnson's authority to cut tariffs expires.

For all its accomplishment the Kennedy Round disappointed the world's developing countries, which contend that they must have preferential tariffs in order to escape their poverty. Under French pressure on behalf of France's

former colonies, the Common Market failed to trim duties at all on tropical foods and fibers, thus stopping the U.S. from doing so. By common consent, devising more tariff help for the world's poor nations will be GATT's next order of business.

BRITAIN

Improving with Age

For 208 years, discriminating hosts have seated their dinner guests at place settings crafted by Josiah Wedgwood Ltd. Catherine the Great of Russia had 952 pieces created for her summer palace near St. Petersburg; Queen Charlotte of Britain in 1765 was so enamored of her cream-colored earthenware that she commanded that it henceforth be called "the Queen's Ware." Only recently the Queen of

third. That market, in fact, accounts for about 40% of the company's sales.

Although the company produces table settings capable of competing with Scandinavia's most modern designs, traditional patterns account for over 80% of its business. "We just can't get any interest in our modern designs abroad," says Bryan. The old stand-bys—earthenware and jasper ware—after about 200 years on the market are still big sellers, and last year helped spur company profits to a 25% rise.

By planning to expand foreign markets, which even now supply about 70% of its business, Wedgwood is continuing a tradition that was inaugurated by Founder Josiah. Interested in export business as well as foreign affairs, the 18th century visionary saw the potential of the colonies and endorsed the French Revolution as he had the Amer-



WEDGWOOD



BRYAN



DISPLAY IN MANHATTAN

Bullish in the china shop.

Thailand placed her order for 400 pieces of powder blue Columbia.

Last week the company's 150 shareholders, mostly members of the Wedgwood family, decided by a narrow margin of eight votes to offer stock to the public. Not pinched for capital, the company nevertheless is in an expansive mood. A further impetus is the Kennedy Round, which promises tariff cuts on china sold abroad. While its markets are firm, Wedgwood wants to create new ones. Says Managing Director Arthur Bryan, 44: "We can sell 75% of our output without even trying, but it's the top 25% that adds zip to our profits."

Too Arrogant to Sell. The first non-Wedgwoodian to direct the firm, Bryan ascended in 1963 after he had added zip to stagnating operations in America, where representatives were living off the company's great name. "They were too damn arrogant to write a sale," says he. Heads rolled, operations were reorganized, and in less than two years North American sales jumped by a

ican Revolution before it. At home, he applied advanced industrial techniques at his factory near Stoke-on-Trent, where he taught workers the art of creating finely glazed bone china.

Quality Before Quantity. Until recently the company has avoided producing low-priced china. It did try in 1948 to mass-produce a line, but the results were unmarketable. Last year, however, Wedgwood bought Tuscan China Holdings Ltd. and the earthenware-pottery firm of William Adams. Both are quality producers in the low price range; the Wedgwood name will not appear on their products.

With the expansion that will continue with the sale of stock to the public, the company hopes that it can eventually catch up with its orders. Then perhaps Chairman Josiah Wedgwood, 67, the great-great-grandson of the founder, will not be forced to apologize to customers "who have had to suffer the long and vexatious delays owing to orders running in excess of productive capacity."

CINEMA

Outfoxed

The Honey Pot is yet another modern-day version of Ben Jonson's classic, *Volpone*. Written in 1606, the Elizabethan comedy chronicles the rise and fall of a wily miser who pretends to be dying in order to trick his equally greedy friends into bringing him costly deathbed gifts. Each donor believes that he will be Volpone's sole beneficiary—a notion ironically dispelled when the miser's servant writes his own name into his boss's blank will.

In this adaptation by Writer-Director Joseph Mankiewicz, Volpone becomes (in literal translation) Mr. Fox, a world-weary voluptuary (Rex Harrison) who lives a *vita* that is incredibly *douce* in contemporary Venice. "My wealth," he announces, "is no more a pleasurable object of contemplation than my navel." To enliven his eminence, he decides to bring *Volpone* to life, casting himself in the title role. For his unfaithful servant, he hires an unemployed actor (Cliff Robertson) who has always wanted to play the part.

Volpone's "dying" messages go out to three wealthy women: a lond-mouthed Hollywood actress (Edie Adams), a disdainful princess (Capucine), and a tough-talking Texan (Susan Hayward) who hates Venice ("All that water in those damn creeks"). In Hayward's wake comes a mousy nurse (Maggie Smith) who feeds her crafty mistress sleeping pills every night.

During the unladylike squabble for Fox's fortune, Susan Hayward suddenly expires, felled by an overdose of Secobarb. Abruptly, the spirited comedy becomes a murder mystery, with blind clues pointing to everyone. Not until

the closing moments, when Fox himself dies, is the mystery slickly solved. Harrison wryly narrates the ironic finale from the grave, pointing out the parallels and discrepancies between Jonson's play and the film.

As a writer, Mankiewicz displays a literate, almost Shavian flair for dialogue. As a director, he has regrettably settled for interior settings—constant reminders to the audience that *The Honey Pot* was adapted from the stage. Like Fox himself, the film suffers fatally from indecision: wavering between comedy and suspense, it slips between them and relies too heavily on Harrison's fair-gentlemanly charm to cushion the fall. The device almost works. The *Honey Pot*'s sweetest moments come when Harrison is trading double entendres with his ex-mistress or purloining around his mansion like Nutreville on LSD. But even he cannot fix the film's flaws.

"What would be nice," intones Rex, in the film's final scene, "is if the bloody script turned out the way we wrote it." As the man in charge of both the typewriter and the camera, Mankiewicz has no-one to blame but himself that it did not quite turn out the way he wrote it.

Some Things Never Change

Fort Utah, an Indian movie stealthily among rocks, then drops down on a lone rider. They grapple in a knife-and-death struggle. The scene, portrayed for what must be the millionth time, begins this assembly-line film, which includes almost every other cliché known to Western man. Nearly as old as the plot are the actors. An aging gunfighter (John Ireland), fleeing from his reputation, meets up with a wagon train carrying an aging, golden-haired lady (Virginia Mayo). Soon they are pursued by an aging villain (Scott Brady) and some aging Indians. In the end, Ireland bluffs and batters his way out of trouble, and decides to remake his life at the Mayo clinic.

Presumably aimed at those customers who like to see the lower halves of double bills, *Fort Utah* never once rises above second-class status. Its covered wagon train predictably forms a circle at the first sign of Indians, its cast mouths such ancient phrases as "you ornery cuso" and "I ain't seen hide nor hair of you." In a world of permanent revolution, it is reassuring to note that for undiscriminating moviegoers some things never change at all.

Homemade Bomb

The Happening. "Is it real, is it fake?" yammer the Supremes over the picture's titles. "Is this game of life a mistake?" Indeed it is, at least in this film. Three fun-burnt Miami boys and a girl in search of the beach goddess, Kicks, decide to kidnap a wealthy racketeer (Anthony Quinn). As it happens,

Quinn is unredeemable. Desperate phone calls reveal that his wife and partner are cuckolding him ("For \$200,000 you can keep the son of a bitch," she snarls). His Mafia associates refuse to extend their black hand: even his mother would rather help him with warm advice than cold cash.

Quinn plans a counterattack. Conning the kids, he becomes the head rodent of the rat pack. From a hideout in a swamp, he sends them out with numerous blackmail messages threatening to expose the gangland's deepest secrets, his wife's extramarital capers, his partners' tampered tax returns. By hook and crook, he manages to mullet \$3,000,000 in hush money. In a shabby shack, the kids regale around the suitcase full of loot; but while they grow frenetic, Quinn turns spleenetic. Money, he decides in a jolting flash of insight, isn't everything, and in the end he sets the cash on fire. The kids—like the viewer—wind up with nothing.

With luck, *The Happening* might have happened to be a passable picture. But Director Elliot Silverstein, forgetting everything he learned on *Cat Ballou*, makes his players move with galvanic gestures and broad grimmaces that would be too gross for a marionette show. Moreover, the script's idea of wit consists of having George Maharis, as one of the bums, end most of his sentences in the same way: "Bam! Et cetera." "We're all in this together. Et cetera."

The Happening bears all the earmarks of the amateur effort. Yet the man responsible is Sam Spiegel, producer of such impressive hits as *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Bridge on the River Kwai*—both overseas productions. *The Happening* is a homemade bomb. Next time, Spiegel should reapply for foreign aid. Et cetera.



QUINN & KIDNAPERS IN "HAPPENING"
Fun-burned at the beach.

HARRISON IN "HONEY POT"
Finale from the grave.



From a motion picture produced for the Southern Pulpwood Conservation Association by Frank Willard Productions, both of Atlanta, Ga.

In the public opinion they were a public enemy

then, someone made a movie

What the public thinks it knows, but is wrong about, can hurt a lot. Hurt a business, shade an industry, kill an idea, defeat a candidate.

The public's imagination is a glutton for misinformation. People see trees chopped down, for instance, and up go cries of forest rape! You can't blame them. What the public sees is what it believes. And a public with its imagination made up against you is hard to move.

Movies move people

The Southern Pulpwood Conservation

Association made a movie, and the public saw that for every tree felled, four seedlings were planted. They saw why seedlings meant progressively better forests. They saw the real local employment, real improvements in local values and wealth. They saw that the forests and they were, in fact, better off. And they believed.

To learn how little it might cost to move people with a motion picture, and how to reach the audience you want moved, talk with a motion picture producer. Tell him your communications objective.

Kodak makes the film that makes any movie possible for teaching, training, selling, and informing people with movies.

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BOOKS

Come Back, Brothers Grimm

SNOW WHITE by Donald Barthelme. 180 pages. Atheneum. \$4.50.

Donald Barthelme's work creates the impression that something miraculous happened to him overnight—as if, blind from birth, he could suddenly see, or, fluent only in Urdu, he abruptly grasped English entire. The result is quite an explosion, a staccato burst of verbal star shells, pinwheel phrases, cherry bombs of Joycean puns and wordplays. Such a book is *Snow White*, an amusingly refurbished fairy-tale novel of the absurd—as episodic and pointless as a slow-turning kaleidoscope, yet just as strangely affecting.

Snow White, "a tall dark beauty containing a great many beauty spots," lives in an unnamed city with seven men—Bill, Kevin, Edward, Hubert, Henry, Clem and Dan. When they are not taking showers with Snow White or making love to her, they keep busy washing buildings, carrying money to the vault and tending vats in which they brew Chinese baby food. The men are not dwarfs, but might as well be. Snow White says tartly: "The seven of them only add up to the equivalent of two *real men*." About all that they have in common, except Snow White of course, is the curious fact that each was born in a national park. Their leader, Bill, is in a slow decline, largely because he went to Bridgeport, Conn., to deliver a powerful statement, but Bridgeport wouldn't listen. Anyway, he is tired of Snow White now, and can't bear to be touched.

RON WOOD



BARTHELME
Cherry bombs in the baby food.

As in all fairy tales and most novels, the villains are more captivating than the heroes. Jane, the wicked stepmother, cultivates her malice by writing poison-pen letters. Her equally wicked consort, Hugo de Bergerac, cultivates evil by offering himself as an informer to the Internal Revenue Service.

Finally, there is Prince Charming, a young man named Paul who is much given to writing palindromes in his bath. For her part, Snow White finds him to be more frog than prince. It all winds up when Jane poisons Paul by mistake, after which Bill is tried and executed for patricide—he let the fire go out under the bubbling cauldrons of Chinese baby food.

A somewhat different version of the story, with a few four-letter words chastely omitted, appeared recently in *The New Yorker*. Author Barthelme, 36, qualified high among the zanier practitioners of what might be called aleatory fiction when he published his 1964 collection of short stories, *Come Back, Dr. Caligari*.

Barthelme is a gifted anarchist in the world of words, and he offers no explanation of his purpose in *Snow White*. As in *Alice in Wonderland*, there are plenty of inner meanings and symbols to be found—social, psychological, existential, political. But the search for a point is simply not the point, even though midway through the book the author teasingly provides a questionnaire for grimly (or maybe Grimmy) determined readers. Sample yes-or-no question: "Has the work, for you, a metaphysical dimension? What is it (25 words or less)?"

Never mind the metaphysics. In exactly 20 words: No one who reads this jape will ever again feel quite comfortable reading the traditional *Snow White* to his children.

Neo-Gothic Trend

EUSTACE CHISHOLM AND THE WORKS by James Purdy. 241 pages. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. \$5.95.

"All I've been treated to for the last six months is stories about guys in love with guys. Christ, the age of anybody being in love with girls must be over!" Thus moans a female character is *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*. The comment sounds distressingly like today's beleaguered fiction reviewer. Perhaps the fastest-growing literary genre in these times is frankly homosexual fiction in which the demimonde of the third sex is fully exposed down to its rawest nerve ending.

This sort of novel (John Rechy's *City of Night*, Alfred Chester's *The Queer Corpse*) runs to a pat boy-meets-boy formula and also takes to a traditional thematic cover. The jacket proclaims a search for love and the breakthrough



PURDY

Brambles along the primrose path.

from loneliness. But inside the jacket the reader usually finds an untrucked hair shirt or violence and degradation. The gay life never leads down a simple primrose path: most relationships of this sort are entangled in the bramble of sadomasochism, and inevitably, the virgin is despoiled, the innocent becomes jaded, and another sensitive, out-of-step, sad young man is ultimately and tragically tripped up. There are no happy endings in the homosexual story.

Eustace Chisholm and the Works is about Amos Ratcliffe, a beautiful bastard who has bedded down with his own mother, and his Chicago landlord, Daniel Haws, a martinet of Indian blood. Daniel can only give expression to his love for Amos when he is walking in his sleep.

Pederast Pedestal. Enlisting in the Army to forget his confused yearnings, Daniel falls into the clutches of the sort of officer who might have given the Marquis de Sade himself basic training. Under his cruel, relentless treatment Daniel suffers the nightmare extremes of the homosexual experience—castration and disembowelment—before dying. And Amos, who has become a male whore but who has still remained faithful to Daniel in his aberrational fashion, also comes to an early and bloody demise. Meanwhile, Eustace Chisholm, a self-styled poet, observes the whole story from an ascetic pederast pedestal and is somehow cleansed and purified—or so the author insists.

James Purdy has achieved a considerable literary reputation for his precisely chiseled prose style and gallows humor (*Malcolm*, *The Nephew*, 63; *Dream Palace*). His talent does not flag here, despite his choice of subject. But *Eustace Chisholm* is not unlike certain surrealistic paintings in its rather surprising lack of effect: though an atmosphere is evoked in sharp and crystalline

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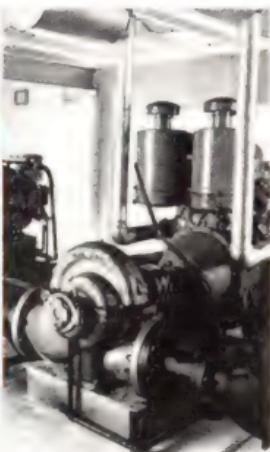
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terms, and though figures are intensely and skillfully rendered, the reader remains unmoved. Fortunately, most men do not live in a neo-Gothic neverland where the entire range of human experience is dominated by a single obsession. Life is at once simpler and more complicated than that.

Variations on a Theme

TREBLINKA by Jean-François Steiner.
415 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.95.

There is a horrifying sameness to books about Nazi concentration camps. To have read once about Auschwitz or Belsen or Dachau ought to be enough for anyone who does not want to hide from facts. Yet each successive volume uncovers new variations on the theme of human bestiality. This fictionalized account is unusual in that it begins with the agonized if rather naive question of why the Jewish victims of the Nazis did not try to fight against their doom. It ends up—almost, it sometimes seems, against the author's intent—as an account of triumph amidst total despair.

The book ignited controversy when it was published in France (L'EXPRESS, April 29, 1966), largely because Author Steiner, who is now only 29, seemed to be arguing that many Jews permitted themselves to be murdered by the Nazis without significant resistance, and that a good number of the others sent their fellow slaves to death in order to save their own lives. Steiner, whose Parisian father perished in a concentration camp, says that he felt "the shame of being one of the sons of this people." He interviewed survivors from the Treblinka death factory in Poland to re-create the horror that befell 700,000 Jews.

He did indeed find evidence (hardly new) pointing to the dubious activities of the *Judenrat*—the civil leaders of the ghettos, who were chosen by the Jews and who, in some cities, decided which Jews were to die and which might live. And he also describes the insanely ingenious techniques that the Nazis employed to divide and demoralize their victims. Identity cards would be issued to some Jews; the others would soon disappear. Next, new cards would be given to some of the survivors, while the remainder again would be carried away. Methods of subdividing and conquering were continued in the camps and helped transform the shrinking group of survivors into near beasts. At length came the Treblinka uprising—one of the few in any Nazi camp—and 600 prisoners escaped to a nearby forest. All but 40 were hunted down. That the uprising could happen at all in such circumstances emerges as something of a miracle of resistance.

Steiner has some odd theories about the Jews and their supposed fatalism and submissiveness. But on the whole his tone is ice-cold and almost detached. Scene after scene makes explicit what it must have been like to labor in a camp of death.

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Short Notices

THE DIARY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION compiled by Frank Moore. 605 pages. Washington Square Press. \$7.95.

For those who find the press coverage of Viet Nam—whether from Hanoi or Washington, Moscow or Saigon—to be biased, polemical, inaccurate or incendiary, this volume will prove a purgative historical point. Compiled in 1860 from the pages of *Tory*, *Whig* and British newspapers and out of print for nearly 100 years, it is a clip-book of reportage and editorials written during America's own, distinctly pre-Maoist "war for national liberation."

In the Revolutionary press, Tories and Redcoats were inevitably "brutes, whose tender mercies are cruelties," men who would have used germ warfare if only microbes had been discovered. To the *Tory* and British press, the rebels were just as inevitably ruffians, illiterates, mongrels and cowards who refused to face a fight squarely. During British Cavalry Colonel Banastre Tarleton's fiery raids in New York's rebellious upper Westchester County, *Rivington's Gazette* reported that "the rebel officers and men quitted their jades, and threw themselves over the fences to gain the swamp." Tarleton "returned to the camp of the rebels, burned and destroyed their whole baggage, and . . . several houses." Actually, the "rebel camp" was the town of Bedford—which Tarleton carefully burned to the ground, barns, cattle and all.

For all the horror and hyperbole, the journalists of the American Revolution nonetheless used incongruously rich and elegant rhetoric to describe (as one account had it) "those difficulties and obstacles which require the most consummate fortitude to surmount." They all tried to sound like gentlemen, a journalistic ambition long out of fashion.

THE UNBELIEVERS DOWNTOWN by Maude Hutchins. 157 pages. Morrow. \$3.95.

The unvarying theme of Maude Hutchins' novels is the incongruity of love and the indignity of sex. This time it is traced among a genteel New England family in a drafty old house patrolled by the most inquisitive and devious child in present fiction. As her grandfather puts it, Clarissa "is an eight-year-old tape recorder, determined to hear the truth about her identity (father unknown, mother never spoken of). Staked out behind curtains and doors, she stalks the family skeletons with the patience of a gumshoe and then rattles the bones triumphantly in the face of the relative who stands to writh most at the memory. Auntie—hysterical, nymphomaniacal—finally kills herself. Great-aunt Penelope guards her virginity with a loaded gun. Uncle Willie drops in on the family at 4 a.m. to touch Grandpa for a liver and then dashes off. Not a bit too soon, either, since he is wanted on indecent-exposure charges and is eventually

caught for kidnapping a pretty little boy disguised as a pretty little girl.

Maude Hutchins writes like a lascivious I. Compton-Burnett. Her book is almost all dialogue—voices, echoes, whispers—misunderstood, unheard, ambiguous. Somehow she manages to remain irreverent and even lighthearted about the transgressions she describes. In her eleventh book, she seems more and more like a naughty little girl herself, eavesdropping on man's folly and shouting the embarrassing words for everybody to hear.

LADY PERTWEESE



CHURCHILL

ROBERT CLARK



LIPPmann

Silent Cal said it all.

Famous First & Last Words

QUOTEMANSHIP: THE USE AND ABUSE OF QUOTATIONS FOR POLEMICAL AND OTHER PURPOSES by Paul F. Boller Jr. 454 pages. Southern Methodist University Press. \$7.95.

Everyone is familiar with the way the evil practiced called "quoting out of context" works. For example, a routine advertisement citing a review of this work might run thus: "WELL-WRITTEN . . . YOU'LL ENJOY . . . EVERY PAGE OF THIS BOOK . . . PUBLISHED WITH A GRANT FROM THE FORD FOUNDATION."

The actual review ought to go like this: "If you're looking for a well-written book about quotations, this isn't it. However, it does bring to mind how much you'll enjoy rereading Bartlett's. Every page of this book is padded with the author's insistent belaboring of the obvious. A key quotation is also omitted: the argument he used to get his book published with a grant from the Ford Foundation."

These shortcomings aside, there is something to be learned from scanning *Quotemanship*. Instead of simply listing his thousands of fascinating quotes—ranging from Gangster Al Capone on the American free-enterprise system to one Morris Zelditch on fluoridation—Historian Boller has chosen to weave

them into a convincing argument for fair play in the use of quotations. But no matter how much harm may be done by distorting quotes, he demonstrates that the unretouched, straight quote can be most damaging of all. Practically everybody at one time or another has made statements that would better have been left unsaid.

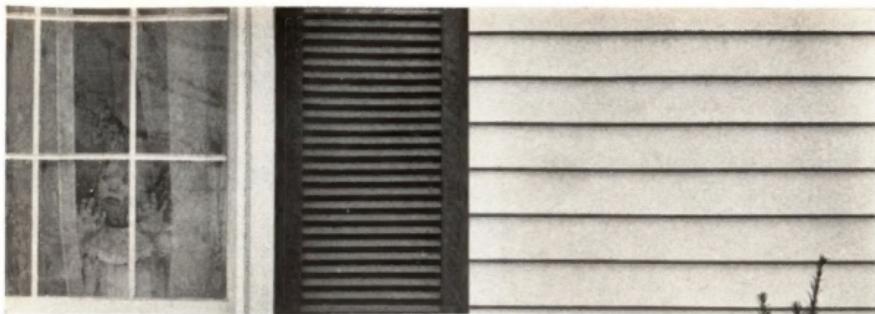
Who Errs? Take these examples. Who, in 1939, said: "It has been assumed, in my opinion erroneously, that Japan covets the Philippine Islands. Just why has never been satisfactorily explained. Proponents of such a theory fail fully to credit the logic of the Japanese mind"?¹ Or who, in 1933, after reading a speech by Chancellor Adolf Hitler, wrote: "We have heard once more, through the fog and the din, the hysteria and the animal passions of a great revolution, the authentic voice of a genuinely civilized people. I am not only willing to believe that, but it seems to me that all historical experience compels one to believe it"?²

In 1945, who said: "The family is higher in Russia than in the United States, and God, looking down from heaven, may be more pleased with Russia than with us"?³ Or, in 1947, after an inspection tour of China: "The Chiang Kai-shek government cannot put down an insurrection against a government which is falsely called a Communist insurrection. Although Communist-backed, it is still a bona fide insurrection against a government which is little more than an agency of the Soong family"?⁴ Of Mussolini, in 1935: "So great a man . . . so wise a ruler"?⁵ Of Richard Nixon, after a 1950 California senatorial vote: "I'm very happy that Helen Gahagan Douglas has just been defeated by Richard Nixon".⁶ And who, err, no fewer than four times, in referring to the late Time Inc. editor-in-chief as Henry C. Luce?⁷

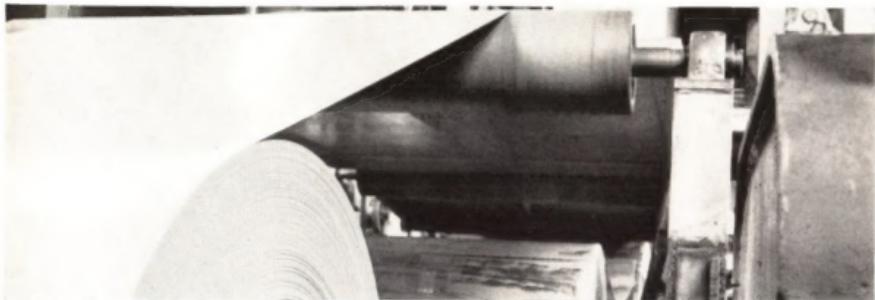
No Defense. "Without question," writes Boller, a professor of history at the University of Massachusetts in Boston. President Johnson is "the quotingest President ever to occupy the White House." But not even L.B.J. has been able to produce an adequate defense system to protect him from the politician's worst enemy. On Bobby Baker (before 1961): "I consider him as one of my most trusted, most loyal and most competent friends." On the Viet Nam war (1964): "We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys should be doing for themselves."

In the end, the only man or institution who comes out of Professor Boller's book with his reputation still intact is Calvin Coolidge. He wasn't known as "Silent Cal" for nothing.

¹ Douglas MacArthur, *My War Plans* (1949); ² Paul F. Boller in *Quotemanship* (1962); ³ Churchill, *My Memoirs* (1949); ⁴ MacArthur, *My War Plans* (1949); ⁵ Churchill, *My Memoirs* (1949); ⁶ MacArthur, *My War Plans* (1949); ⁷ Robert Bork in *Quotemanship* (1962).



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